LAST INSTALMENT OF "SUSPENSE," BY JOSEPH CONRAD

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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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The Hungry Generations

WE were talking the other day with a well-known writer of our time who remarked jocosely that it was no longer a pass-word to the most advanced circles of the *literati* to aver that one had just been reading the work of James Joyce. "The reply is too apt to be," he drawled, "'What? *Joyce!* Poor old Joyce! Well yes, he has a certain historical value now I suppose—like Longfellow!'"

Our friend further suggested that we might confer a benefit upon the reading public by printing each week a list of the writers who could truly be considered important—for that sennight; the next week's list being, of course, an entirely different tabulation of names, while those of the week before vanished into the obscurity of the past. Thus one might keep truly *au courant* of the Great of Contemporary Letters, might stride rapidly and rather breathlessly abreast of the times.

It takes no time at all for an author to become outmoded nowadays. Entomological ephemera have nothing on him! He sports his brief and giddy hour and promptly is no more,—at least to our most advanced *littérateurs*. We begin to need the slow motion picture properly to analyze the pace of genius. Processional *pegasi* rush past us in a dizzy blur. Great reputations seem to be made and scornfully discarded in the same hour. The hungry generations crowd upon one another's heels to tread the winepress of literature,—and the devil take the foremost, whose bubble reputation is promptly turned into a squashed and empty grape-skin!

* * *

Today seems to be no time truly to assimilate the talents that rise among us or to proceed with authorship as in more spacious days. The cry for the New is too incessant. Yesterday's achievement is promptly trodden down. Such, at least, are the conclusions reached by observing the dicta of the advanced Left, and to them the stubborn predilections of the bourgeois Right are merely a sodden drag upon the advance of intelligence.

Now we would bid the hungry younger generations not to be quite so avid! They are getting a bit too ravenous. The spectacle is becoming too much of a farce. This hasty progress through Movement after Movement and theory after theory of art is not the creating of a literature but simply and solely the celebration of fads. Experimentation is natural, but when the resources of one sort of experimentation are exhausted so quickly that another brand must immediately supersede it, and so forth, one begins to doubt the experimenters.

There is a certain class of commentators upon contemporary writing whose whole smart theory seems to be always to bang the drum for the foremost of the vanguard. As its leaders are constantly dropping back into the ranks, and new momentary leaders supplanting them, these wiseacres of letters lead a strenuous and difficult existence. They must be up to the minute in their judgments and perceive almost by instinct the death of one reputation and the birth of another. They sit up nights reading, as it were, into the future. And, for some reason, such an existence seems to them pleasurable and valuable.

To us, all this seems a foolish frenzy. It is as much waste motion as a wheel that has lost its purpose on the road and spins in the air. This midgedance of writing and criticism is only a little dust raised before the slow progress of the centuries. The rolling-on of the years gathers up whatever has the quality of permanence. Our concern, of course, should be, not sensational eccentricity in allegiance to the catch-words of the moment, to win a temporary rattle of applause, but the slow building of the present upon the past in a genuine mood of creation. As for the future, the future has a way of taking care of itself. We can only safely predict that most of those who now so rashly assault the future headlong, by the future shall be slain.

The Bride

By L. A. G. STRONG

THE fight that was no fight is over,
The uncontested victory won;
The conqueror, sleeping by her side,
Forgets already what is done.

But she, a pulse of deeper being,
Death's wakeful foe from age to age,
In the great army of creation
Enrols and takes her heritage.

This Week

"Language." Reviewed by *George P. Krapp.*
"The Soul Enchanted." Reviewed by *Ernest Boyd.*
"The Crystal Cup." Reviewed by *H. W. Boynton.*
"Further Reminiscences." Reviewed by *Sir A. Maurice Low.*
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Next Week, or Later

"The Venetian Glass Nephew." Reviewed by *Carl Van Vechten.*
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"One Increasing Purpose." Reviewed by *William Lyon Phelps.*
On Mysticism. By *Ernest Hocking.*

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The Criticism of Poetry

By EDITH SITWELL

IN every age of recent times—or at any rate since the age in which Shakespeare lived, and ever since—there has been a constant turmoil in the minds of poets as to the claims of tradition, and a constant need that the aims of poetry should be discussed. For instance, we find Thomas Lodge publishing a "Defence of Poetry" in 1579 and Sir Philip Sidney an "Apology for Poetry" about the year 1583; Ben Jonson spoke of the problems which beset poets in his "Discoveries," Thomas Campion wrote his "Observations in the Art of English Poesy" in 1602; and later, Sir William Davenant's "Preface to Gondibert" raised an "Answer to Davenant" from Thomas Hobbes. In this essay, Hobbes, irritated by the nonsense that is talked about inspiration by the many, speaks of "the foolish custom by which a man, enabled to speak wisely from the principles of nature and his own meditation, loves rather to be thought to speak by inspiration, like a bagpipe."

But it is most amusing of all, to those of us who live under the "dry" régime of Mr. J. C. Squire, to read Samuel Daniel's "Defence of Rhyme," written in defiance of Campion's theories—for it is an essay which contains passages which might have been written by Mr. Squire or Mr. Noyes—passages such as this: "Suffer the world to enjoy that which it knows and what it likes . . ." From this sentence, we find that playing for safety is an old game, and that bores are by no means a modern creation, but that, like the poor, they were always with us. Then, as now, a certain kind of critic was trying to pretend that the art of poetry should be a second-hand clothes shop. But at least, in the centuries of which we speak, poetry was regarded as an art, and not as the flimsy, unshaped outpourings of an emotion which men would be ashamed to show in real life. In those halcyon days, too, criticism was the prerogative of the poet and the man of letters; it was not until the time of Pope and Dryden that the real trouble began. Pope and Dryden were men of greater wit than kindliness, and found no trouble in dealing with their tormentors, but in these days, when writers of musical comedies and revues, and other vulgarians, think themselves in a position to criticize poetry and insult poets, and when the poets in question are people of a sensitive kindliness of heart, the matter is not so simple. It would be difficult for a man of letters to answer a revue writer in a way which he would understand.

The other day, in a London paper called *The Evening Standard*, we were told that the English people have always been notable for seeing through charlatans and impostors in the arts. This is delightfully true; in their time the English public have seen through and bullied such impostors as Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, Wordsworth and, in his early days, before he had been frightened into toeing the line, Tennyson. Let us for a moment examine how these poets were treated. We will transfer ourselves in imagination to 1825. "Hyperion" was published in 1820, "Prometheus Unbound" in 1821. The genius of Wordsworth was in hot dispute. Yet in 1817, Moore had been paid three thousand guineas for "Lalla Rookh." "Biographia Literaria" and Wordsworth's essays and prefaces had been published but recently. Yet, as Mr. Harold Monro reminded us in the *Chapbook*, the critics of

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the time dismissed these great works with ignominy and indifference, sinking comfortably into the mediocrity of the works of such poets as Moore, Campbell, Kirke White, Bloomfield, Hogg, and Southey; as Mr. Monro put it, "the genius of the time unconsciously eluded these critics, or was consciously dismissed." No great poet has ever been properly recognized in his own time, or at any rate, not since the rise of the purely commercial press. By the many, including the press, every great poet has always been abused, insulted, worried and, if possible, driven into the grave—if not, at least into exile or to the Pines, Putney. Here are a few criticisms, proving that love of new beauty of which the English papers boast so proudly.

"'The Rime of the Ancient Mariner,'" said *The Monthly Review*, "seems a rhapsody of unintelligible wildness and incoherence, of which we do not perceive the drift, unless the joke lies in depriving the wedding guest of his share of the feast." "At first," said the *Quarterly*, "it appeared to us that Mr. Keats had been amusing himself and wearying his readers with an immeasurable game of *bouts rimés*; but, if we recollect rightly, it is an indispensable condition of this play that the rhymes when filled up shall have a meaning, and our author, as we have already hinted, has no meaning." Now take Jeffrey of *The Edinburgh Review*. "The volume before us ("The Excursion") if we were to describe it very shortly, we should characterize as a tissue of moral and devotional ravings, in which innumerable changes are rung upon a few very simple and familiar ideas; but with such an accompaniment of long words, long sentences, and unwieldly phrases—such a hubbub of strained raptures and fantastical sublimities that it is often extremely difficult for the most skilful and attentive student to obtain a glimpse of the author's meaning—and altogether impossible for an ordinary reader to conjecture what he is about." *Blackwood* says of Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound": "To our apprehension it is little else but absolute raving; and were we not assured to the contrary, we should take it for granted that the author was a lunatic, as his principles are ludicrously wicked, and his poetry a mélange of nonsense, cockneyism, poverty, and pedantry." And the *Monthly Magazine* says of Keats's poems: "The faults characteristic of his school are still held up with as much affectation by Mr. Keats as if he were fearful of not coming in for his due share of singularity, obscurity, and conceit."

* * *

There is no difference between these criticisms and what the poets are having to put up with to-day. Here are two criticisms from *The Sunday Times* of May 17th, 1925. One criticism shows that critics' manners have not improved or in any way altered; the other shows the same love of flatness that has always distinguished critics as a race.

A: Miss Sitwell's poetical reputation can hardly survive her latest volume. There is scarcely an ounce of coherent thought or accountable emotion to be extracted from its hundred pages. Anything approximating to sense is sought in vain. Miss Sitwell's rococo figures and their inconsequent soliloquies are such as haunt the uneasy slumbers of disease. If she has any devotees it can only be because "her nonsense suits their nonsense," for to readers of ordinary sanity her flow of words conveys no meaning.

B: The poet's work has lost none of its sweetness and artistry; it is, as always, quietly ascetic and lucid. Mr. Shanks *never startles*; (the italics are mine) he plays a game that children play, tracing a shadow on the wall:

Until at last the lamp is brought
The game is done, and now I see
The tangled scribble I have wrought
Grimacing at me mockingly.

such as to disturb the most mobile placidity. A peculiar quality of certain types of the English countryside is made manifest in Mr. Shanks's descriptive verse:

But never a footstep comes to trouble
The rocks among the new-sown corn
Or pigeons rising from the stubble
And flashing brighter as they roam.

These criticisms might have been written a hundred years ago. It is interesting to notice that in the first review they are wise enough (so as to gain their point) to refrain from quotation; in the second, unwise enough to quote.

Nothing teaches these people—neither the death of Keats, nor the death of Chatterton, nor the exile of Shelley, nor the persecution and final triumph of Wordsworth and Coleridge. They go on in the same way, always. Poets expect to be arraigned in front of a jury of their peers; what happens is that they have to appear in front of a jury which consists half of flappers, writers of vulgar plays, and other ignoramuses, half of tired men of letters who are afraid of anything new. These people complain that they cannot understand a book. Who on earth expects them to? They are capable of understanding neither our predecessors' language, our language, or even their own. All they want is "Good rest, good sleep" like the old men in "Thus Spake Zarathustra." Some time ago in an English journal, I gave a description of the kind of poem that these people like—a poem about an earnest Nonconformist missionary in Aberdeen, travelling backwards and forwards from Aberdeen to the Cannibal Islands. The poem, I declared, would give a full account of Nonconformist life in Aberdeen; nothing was left out—neither the price of the d'oyleys, nor the full description of the ferns in art pots. You would get the family reading aloud from the *London Mercury* and Mrs. Humphry Ward (the author of the poem would, for the purpose, translate the whole of "Robert Elsmere" into blank verse); you would get the family discussing the housing question, vegetarianism, and the reasons for dissenting, as well as praising Mr. Jaeger and calling down blessings on his head as a benefactor of the human race. You would be shown the family playing The Lost Chord on the harmonium in the sitting-room and practicing brass instruments in their bedrooms. And, when the children are safely in bed, you would hear the broad-minded pastor and his wife discussing such burning problems as "Was George Eliot a good woman?" That is the kind of thing that the critics like in England and that is the sort of thing that they get.

* * *

Together with this craze for dulness, we find, in an opposite set of people, a passion for obscenity. Lately there has arisen among us a young gentleman whose name I will not mention, since his real name in itself is so truthful as to constitute a libel. But this young gentleman, in addition to writing dirty plays (you will soon have him in America, I am told) is given to publishing and causing to be acted, insulting and obscene libels on poets. The hurricane of applause that has greeted him is the greatest ever known, and he has completely filled the empty place which Mr. Horatio Bottomley left in the hearts of the British people when he was so unkindly taken away from them. We find this young gentleman (one of whose lyrics contains the lines:

Poor little rich girl,
You are bewitched, girl

being compared by certain critics to Shakespeare, to Dryden, to Congreve. But, as *The Nation* kindly remarked, "It must be as trying to Mr. —— to be asked to write like some great dead writer as it would be for an artist to be asked to write like Mr. ——." I do not know that the lines quoted above do much to prove that this gentleman is qualified to act as a critic of poetry, but in England, anybody is allowed to criticize poetry as long as he or she knows nothing whatsoever about it; and so, as I have said already, this person is never tired of insulting poets.

* * *

Another little trouble we have with the critics is that they say we do not give the people a great moral message. We give them new sense-values and a new apprehension of life, but they do not know this is a moral message. And when we *do* give them the kind of moral message they can understand, they become positively hysterical with rage. I should have thought that at this time, the greatest and most urgent message of all is that dealing with the senseless wickedness and horror of war. Yet when men like Siegfried Sassoon, Osbert Sitwell, and Richard Aldington, men who had experienced that horror and are therefore fitted to speak of it, gave the people this great moral message, they were execrated and persecuted. Unfortunately, many of the critics hold the same view as that expressed in this apochryphal poem of the late Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

It is not the song of the singer,
Though nought could be possibly sweeter,
Which touches the spot with a flame that is not,
But the Heart that is back of a metre.
And though all my life I have loved
True Art for its own true sake,
It is not Art, oh no, it is *Heart*
Which finally takes the cake.

And whilst this point of view exists, poets will always find themselves unpopular, if they write poetry!

Origins of Languages

LANGUAGE: A Linguistic Introduction to History. By J. VENDRYES. Translated by Paul Radin. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925. $6.

Reviewed by GEORGE PHILIP KRAPP
Columbia University

NOW and then it is a refreshing and stimulating experience for the worker to ascend some eminence from which he can survey broadly the field of his labors. Such a place of view is provided for the domain of philology in this excellent and readable study by M. K. Vendryes. No one would deny that language has occupied an important place in the general development of human history, or that it continues to occupy a similar position in the present activities of mankind, but the linguistic student is ordinarily so busily engaged over immediate tasks that his gaze seldom wanders towards the wide confines of his subject. He must permit himself a few philosophic moments, as M. Vendryes does in this book, if he will see his material in its extended relationships and significances.

And yet it would be quite untrue to describe K. Vendryes as a philosopher. He is above all a linguist, one who has at his command a wide range of precise scholarship in a variety of languages. His illustrative examples are taken most abundantly from French, Latin and Greek, but M. Vendryes also cites freely from English, German, and various other languages. He expressly disclaims any intention of going beyond the field of actual linguistic experience. From the observation of facts, as he observes them in actual languages, M. Vandryes deduces certain general principles applicable to language as a human activity. His method therefore is primarily linguistic, not psychological or philosophical. It is this purpose and method which lead him to make the statement that "the problem of the origin of language is not of a linguistic order," and to limit narrowly his discussion of this problem. Undoubtedly the origin of language as an element in human existence is a process not susceptible of actual historical examination. Even the oldest known languages, as M. Vendryes says, have nothing of the primitive about them. Nor can much be learned concerning the ultimate origin of language from the speech of savages, or from the way in which children acquire organized languages from their elders. The conclusion to which M. Vendryes therefore comes is that the question of the origin of language concerns not the philologist but the psychologist.

It is true of course that if one attempts to discuss ultimate origins in language, one passes quickly beyond historical record. But on his own principles, perhaps M. Vendryes has excluded more than was necessary. It is his purpose, he declares, to discuss language as a process of life. Now life is still going on, and language is still going on, and when these two are combined, the processes of origins must also be going on. Ultimate, remote and prehistoric origins, are not the only ones that may be brought under examination. This latter method of approaching the question of origins has recently been applied in a number of suggestive ways by Professor Jespersen in his "Language," a book M. Vendryes had access to only after his own volume was printed.

To indicate even in barest outline the many important topics treated in this book is manifestly impossible, but one brief passage, from the discussion of the question of progress in language, may be quoted in illustration of the admirable balance of the book:

Progress in the absolute sense is impossible, just as it is in morality or politics. It is simply that different states exist, succeeding each other, each dominated by certain general laws imposed by the equilibrium of the forces with which they are corporated . . . In the history of languages a certain relative progress can be observed. Languages may be adapted in a greater or lesser degree to certain states of civilization. Progress consists in the best possible adaptation of a language to the needs of the people using it. But however real this progress may be, it is never definitive.

This volume is the fourth in the first section, Introduction and Pre-History, of the comprehensive "History of Civilization," edited by C. K. Ogden. It contains a Foreword by M. Henri Berr, director of the French collection, "L'Evolution de l'Humanité," in which the work first appeared as number three of the first section.

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Romain Rolland

THE SOUL ENCHANTED: Volume II: SUMMER. By ROMAIN ROLLAND. Translated by Eleanor Stimson and Van Wyck Brooks. New York: Henry Holt. $2.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST BOYD

READERS of "The Soul Enchanted" in English have had the advantage of getting both volumes within the same year, for "Annette and Sylvie," the first part of this work, was published last season. In France an interval of a couple of years separated them, and since 1923 nothing more has been heard of a work which promised to be the successor of "Jean Christophe." It is usual to declare that novels issued in several volumes may be read as if each volume were a book complete in itself, but this is obviously a polite fiction encouraged for the convenience of author and publisher. The work either is or is not a homogeneous entity, and if it be the former, criticism of any incomplete part or parts must be as hazardous as it would be to pass judgment upon a serial after reading an isolated instalment. To this day there are people—Bernard Shaw, for instance—who do not hesitate to pronounce upon James Joyce's "Ulysses," although they have seen only the fearfully mangled fragments which appeared in *The Little Review*.

"The Soul Enchanted" assuredly does not promise to be anything comparable to "Jean Christophe." That is not, I am afraid, the reason why it has been so indifferently received by the French press, which is still nursing the wounds inflicted upon national vanity by Romain Rolland during the war. But, in the circumstances, the policy of boycott and depreciation which "The Soul Enchanted" has had to endure from the more influential critics in France has not worked so much harm as it might otherwise have done. It has failed, for one thing, to damage the author's reputation abroad, much to the chagrin of his innumerable adversaries. In fact, amongst other grievances which are nursed by the present mood of "integral nationalism" in France is the conviction that "un-French" French writers are those most esteemed outside their own country. The idol Barrès had no following save amongst his own countrymen, but wicked fellows like Anatole France and Romain Rolland, dissimilar in everything but their lack of self-satisfied chauvinism, belong to world literature.

Romain Rolland shares, therefore, with France and André Gide the attacks of the literary Grand Inquisitors, Henri Massis, at their head, calling down the wrath of heaven upon all French writers who show any signs of being aware that culture is not a monopoly of the French mind, that Thomism is not a substitute for intelligence, and that the muttering of incantations about monarchy, aristocracy, Catholicism, and the classical tradition will not produce great literature, or help to situate France in a world from which her cultural hegemony has definitely disappeared. But Rolland's own writings can hardly be cited to prove that a mere reversal of the traditionalist position can produce a work of literary art. André Gide has said that "Jean Christophe" in French "never reads so well as in a translation," and this is true of "The Soul Enchanted," as the excellent version of Mr. and Mrs. Van Wyck Brooks shows.

Gide went so far as to declare that Romain Rolland "would lose nothing by the disappearance of the French language, of French art, of French taste, and of those gifts which he denies and which are denied to him. The final disaster of France would definitely establish the supreme importance of his 'Jean Christophe.'" I quote Gide because he is the antithesis of Henri Bassis, and his criticism of Rolland is wholly free from the reactionary bias of the Right Wing. It is a striking judgment upon the inherent weakness of Rolland's style, whose defects Remy de Gourmont was one of the first to point out, and those defects have become more noticeable as the author has had less and less to say. His ear is soothed by the hollow sonority of his libertarian ideas, but to the harmonies of words he is so indifferent that one is shocked by the jolting cadence of a prose interwoven with blank verse.

As for the ideas, in the present work his aim apparently is to celebrate the freedom of the senses, to develop the thesis of the Free Woman, Annette Rivière, as he has already developed that of the Free Genius, Jean Christophe, of the Free Thinker, Clerambault, of the Man of Feeling, Colas Breugnon. In the first volume we left the frivolous Sylvie safe and happy, but the grave Annette was the unmarried mother of a child. Now the narrative unwinds at great length and shows how fate continues to bludgeon Annette while sparing Sylvie; how she loses the love of her own child, the affection of her friends, and the friendship of Sylvie. Annette's second encounter with sex is as disastrous as the first, and when the book closes with the outbreak of the war she is alone, resigned to this as to all other struggles, for war is just another name for life itself. Annette is the idealist of sex, and, like all Rolland's idealists, she not only gets the worst of it, but is regarded by her creator as all the better on that account. His sympathy for minorities and lost causes has come to seem little better than a glorification of defeated revolt, for defeat's sake.

The slavery of revolt, of liberty conceived not as a right but as a duty—it is this which renders lifeless and depressing Romain Rolland's studies of free souls. The pardonable excesses of sentimental youth are transformed into the futile wrigglings and squirmings of obstinate doctrinaires. A method and a point of view which luckily fitted the purpose of "Jean Christophe" are inadequate to the themes of "Clerambault," "Colas Breugnon" and "The Soul Enchanted." The ascetic, Protestant mind of this protester cannot evoke for us figures of a full-blooded humanity which would explain their struggles and triumphs and weaknesses, when caught in

Ermyntrude, First (and Last) Countess Boole: Lord Chancellor of England.

From a drawing by G. K. Chesterton for "Mr. Petre," by Hilaire Belloc (McBride)

the toils of fleshy passion. He preaches the religion of the senses and urges the claims of the body in the tone of a Huguenot sermon or a pamphlet on behalf of universal disarmament. The French spirit of pleasant *libertinage*, or the clean logic of that spirit, might have made "Annette and Sylvie" charming or moving, but, actually, a mealy-mouthed furtiveness makes the relations of the two girls *ridiculous and morbid*. In "Summer" the requirements of fiction are deemed to be satisfied by all the recognized melodramatic devices for producing tears for the poor girl-mother.

As I have said, here is no promise of another "Jean Christophe," but rather confirmation of the feeling that Romain Rolland had only that one great novel in him. For the rest, one should think of him as a musical critic of distinction, and pray that he restrict the play of his libertarian enthusiasm to the propaganda of specific ideas in a more appropriate vehicle than that of the novel.

The Crystal Cup

THE CRYSTAL CUP. By GERTRUDE ATHERTON. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by H. W. BOYNTON

AGAIN Mrs. Atherton has made an elaborate gesture and produced a stuffed rabbit out of the hat. Its skin is real but its eyes are glass, and its little insides are cotton and excelsior. The effect is distressingly lifelike. The more you tint a Tussaud image, or curry a corpse, the more shocking its resemblance to the living creature. Mrs. Atherton's realistic verisimilitude of detail merely stresses the artificiality of her people and their doings. There is no life in either: they are simply tricks of an experienced performer. Always, to begin with, we have the stunt theme: in "Black Oxen," rejuvenation; in "The Crystal Cup," love the primeval urge vs. love as "an over-secretion of hormones in interstitial cells adjacent to the Graafian follicles." Wedded to, or rather built about this theme is an action singularly obvious and commonplace. Gita of "The Crystal Cup" has been early affronted by sex, wishes she were a boy, tries to be like a boy. A novelist, mature and male, becomes her chief friend. In order to be sure of his companionship, she becomes his wife—in name only. Later she falls in love with another man; and matters are duly arranged. The hat is real, but only the performer's compelling eye and experienced gesture put the wriggle in the rabbit.

The Perfectly Proper

FURTHER REMINISCENCES. 1864-1894. By S. BARING-GOULD. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1925. $6.

Reviewed by SIR A. MAURICE LOW.

IN the days of Good Queen Victoria, when in every properly conducted English household on Sundays such impious things as novels were removed from the parlor tables to prevent the corruption of youth and *The Quiver* and other pious literature substituted, the books of the Reverend S. Baring-Gould might almost have escaped the ban. For Mr. Gould was a very proper person and much beloved of middle-aged ladies of the Victorian era who wore mittens and dresses tightly buttoned up to their necks, and over their tea and crochet deplored the bad manners of the rising generation and wondered what the world was coming to. There was everything in Mr. Baring-Gould's favor. He was a clergyman of the Church of England, he had aristocratic connections, he inherited ancestral property. He wrote novels that never brought the blush of shame to the cheek of maidenly modesty. He wrote articles for the religious press. His hymns made a wide appeal. He was a model of propriety; old ladies might with perfect taste adore him and young people detest him because he was so very, very good. How with all these advantages he managed to escape being translated from a rectory to a bishopric will always remain a mystery. However, he had his consolation. Lord Palmerston's object in the selection of bishops, he tells us, "was to select characterless men, but plausible."

Mr. Baring-Gould's "Further Reminiscenses" (as the title suggests, this is a sequel to more of the same sort) are not thrilling and his publishers need fear no danger of any of the persons whose names are used bringing suit for libel. In fact, to speak with truth, they are deadly dull; the kind of thing that a country clergyman making his parish rounds might bring into the lives of middle-aged ladies wearing dresses buttoned up to their chins, crocheting with hands encased in mittens, sitting on stiff and uncomfortable chairs decorated with antimacassars and eagerly drinking in the wit, brilliance, and knowledge of the world of their beloved pastor.

There was a spice of malice in the good man, which he is not ashamed to reveal. He once attended a Ruridecanal meeting at which the Rural Dean recommended his clergy to be studious.

Then up stood an unctuous Evangelical and said: "We have one Book, one Book that contains all we need. If we go outside the covers of our Bible, we err and go wrong, etc., etc."

Another suggested the advisability of commentaries.

"I allow a Scott's Commentary," said the first.

"And a Cornelius à Lapide," I suggested. No one at the meeting had heard of him or of it.

The reverend gentleman's wit is delicate and chaste, as these two anecdotes, italics and all, certify.

Archbishop Tait was dining one evening at the house of the Duke of Westminster. During the meal his face became ghastly. Laying down his knife and fork by the plate, he said to himself in a suppressed voice: "It has come to pass at last as I feared. I have been dreading, expecting, a stroke."

"Console yourself, your Grace," said the Duchess of Sutherland, who sat beside him. "It is not *your* leg but *mine* that you have been pinching."

The Dean of Norwich gave a garden party to celebrate his golden wedding, and a visiting Frenchman was one of the guests. He asked to have explained to him the meaning of a golden wedding.

The Dean put his hand on his wife's shoulder, patted it, and said: "This good lady and I have lived together for fifty years."

"Ah! now I do understand," exclaimed the Frenchman as his face lightened with intelligence, "so now you are at last about to marry her."

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So This Is Behavorism?

BEHAVIORISM. By JOHN B. WATSON. New York: The People's Institute Publishing Co. 1925.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW.
University of Wisconsin

MR. WATSON began his psychological career as a student of animal behavior. In the complete isolation of the Dry Tortugas, he noted the responses of terns in a natural uncontaminated habitat. Returning to civilization, he decided to study humans as a complicated order of terns. After a series of important contributions to animal behavior, ingenious and rigid in method, he launched his "Psychology from a Behaviorist's point of view." The substance of his doctrine is now presented in a course of twelve lectures addressed to a popular audience. The formulation must be accepted as authoritative for the Watsonian brand of behaviorism. Cavalierly in the treatment of other positions that clog the acceptance of behaviorism, he is occasionally papal in manner. He claims a proprietary interest in the system and warns against other psychologies bearing a similar label.

"In 1912 the behaviorists reached the conclusion that they could no longer be content to work with intangibles and unapproachables. They decided either to give up psychology or to make it a natural science." Despite this modest decision the triumph of behaviorism remains incomplete. "Indeed we should point out that behaviorism has not as yet by any means replaced the older psychology—called *introspective psychology*—of James, Wundt, Külpe, Titchener, Angell, Judd, and McDougall." But in due course the reader is furnished with a contrasted ledger, showing that all that is of value in present-day psychology and will influence the future, is to be credited to the behaviorist. The debt side shows other psychologies as survivals from an obscurantist past, "dominated by a kind of subtle religious philosophy." Apart from the central salvation promised by behaviorism, there are such incidental assurances as that all educational difficulties in rearing the human young will vanish as parents are properly behaviorized; and yet more casually, that mental disorders are a myth, for which a will-o'-the-wisp of the psychiatrists is responsible. The folly of accredited views of consciousness, imagery, memory, attention, emotion, and the futility of the stock of psychological tools exhibited in unregenerate laboratories and lecture-rooms is freely and gleefully exposed,—with what effect upon an indiscriminate audience, may be surmised.

While acknowledging the merit within its zone of application, of the behaviorist's position, if such is its temper, one fairly sympathetic with its findings and with no claim to authority to administer the benign chastisement, feels that it deserves a sharp rapping on the knuckles. Others have been sufficiently provoked by this attitude to dub Behaviorism an *enfant terrible*, or even a miserable bastard. Nor does this movement present a more harmonious attitude within its own camp. There are behaviorists who respect one or another of the fundamental Watsonian tenets; they find themselves—few as they are—differing aggressively among themselves. Whether Dr. Watson would read them out of the party, we have yet to learn. If this keeps on, he may soon find himself in the superior position of the Irish processionist surveying the rank and file of his marching companions with the comment: "Everybody is out of step but myself."

One must be content to illustrate by selected features what the Watsonian behaviorism asserts and denies, accepts and rejects. Its great resource is the "conditioned reflex" or response. If you ring a bell whenever you feed a dog, and keep up the process until you "condition" the animal to this stimulus, the same action of the salivary glands which makes the small boy's mouth water when he looks in at the bakeshop window, will bring it about that you get a measurable flow of the dog's saliva when you ring the bell alone. Now the nature and scope of this interesting fact is far from determined; it has obvious and narrow limitations. But all the laws and prophecies of behaviorism flow from that slight salivary stream. Under its dominion "association of ideas" becomes an obsolete misnomer; there is only conditioning. Hence you can condition any process and anybody anyhow. Training exceeds heredity; as soon as the world discards its obstructing traditions and taboos, and takes to behaviorist conditioning of the individual, the programme will be simple. There is "no real evidence for the inheritance of traits. I would feel perfectly confident in the ultimately favorable outcome of careful upbringing of a *healthy, well-formed baby* born of a long line of crooks, murderers and thieves, and prostitutes." Of such babies, anyone at random could be trained to "become any type of specialist I might select—*into a doctor, lawyer, artist, merchant-chief* and, yes, even into beggar-man and thief, regardless of his talents, *penchants*, tendencies, abilities, vocations, and race of his ancestors."

By enthroning the conditioned response as the pattern of all behavior, you outlaw all remote and long-range as well as complex mechanisms of the psychic realm. "Don't get confused at this point by what the psychologist and the psycho-analyst sometimes tell you. If you read their statements, you are likely to believe that the stimulus can be applied to-day and produce its effect maybe next day, maybe within the next few months or years. The behaviorist doesn't believe in any such mythological conception." The notion is but part of the "demonological terminology of the Freudians" who in twenty years will be placed in the same class as phrenologists. For there is no such reality as instinct, no more than that a toy soldier, weighted and rounded at the bottom, demands "an instinct to stand erect." "No theory is required to explain it, only a systematic observation of the facts. All the elaborate junk the Freudians have written on humor and laughter is just so much chaff which will be blown aside as observation brings out the facts." "In accordance with his usual procedure, he decided before beginning work himself to consign to the waste basket the work of his predecessors and to start the problem over again." Dr. Watson's collection of waste-baskets must by this time be extensive and formidable.

* * *

As a fact behaviorism, when not rampant, has made far more significant contributions that this all too popularized and radicalized set of lectures, recounts. Its main emphasis is upon the objective phases of organic mechanisms; even in so complex a function as speech this insistence is helpful, and there is no more thorough analysis of the speech acquisitions than that of Dr. Watson, though again his insistence that "Laryngeal" is a blessed word to explain all that goes on when we think in words instead of with our fists, is a bit strained. As a further fact, this type of behaviorism becomes an electric selection of a few problems in psychology that happen to interest the author; and still further, when one of these problems, such as that of personality, is not amenable to the concepts and handling of the radical behaviorist method, there is nothing to prevent its confusion with the accredited and ridiculed presentations of the members of the same guild to which Dr. Watson by protest belongs. The lecture on personality is an admirable statement and not least so because it lacks the aggressive flavor of the rest.

No fundamental psychological position can claim significance that does not provide the problems, by which the science advances; it cannot endure by assailing and correcting other "ologies." In this respect Freudianism—and that much of it is extravagant, even unto junk, is admitted—has stimulated more real psychological interpretation than the entire behavioristic activity. Behaviorism has its fetishes as well. It has a faith that if you avoid a word, or at least use it in a new sense, you achieve salvation. So long as you taboo "consciousness," "introspection," "instinct," you are saved, and you must put your tongue in your cheek when you say "image," or "emotion," or "fear," or "rage." But when you say "conditioning," or "reconditioning," you are of the elect and have eschewed false gods completely. Another equally futile faith is that an observation when made by a behaviorist under modern conditions is a totally new product worthy of scientific respect. A fact derives its significance from its setting, its provenance, its interpretation. The worship of facts is as idolatrous as that of words or images.

Until behaviorism outgrows its iconoclastic zest and achieves a constructive responsibility, its influence will be properly under suspicion; it has been treated more considerately than its temper warrants. Not altogether unlike the "homeopaths" who insisted that those who did not believe that "like cures like," necessarily believed that "unlike" did so, and hence were "allopaths," behaviorists call the other camp "mentalists." But it is about as sensible to ask what is the opposite of a behaviorist as to ask what is the opposite of a Presbyterian or a Christian Scientist. The difficulty with behaviorism is its adherence to a meagre eclectic stock of concepts, its working these beyond their capacity and at times mistaking the form for the substance, for it is by ignoring the real essence, (and this is the familiar administrative fallacy) that the apparent simplicity results.

Thus the "delayed response" is a favorite type of explanation, but ignores that the essential thing is not the delay but takes place during the delay. Teachers are quite familiar with the delayed response among students, but are unable to correlate the depth of the reply when it comes with the length of the delay. Rip van Winkle probably holds the record for a delayed reaction, but his sleep brought no great philosophic discoveries. And likewise for conditioning. No system of education could be based upon it. If we have music with our meals, then according to the strict behaviorist, we should either learn to be content with the music and omit the meals, or get so conditioned that the hearing of music would always make us want to eat. Or by having "jazz" during examinations, students would soon demand examinations frequently, and conditioning in the academic sense would be unknown. It is time for the behaviorist to take his performance more responsibly, and remember that throwing aside old errors does not confer new wisdom; nor are those who disagree with him so completely foolish as they deserve to be.

The Social Surplus

ECONOMY OF HUMAN ENERGY. By THOMAS NIXON CARVER. New York: The Macmillian Co. 1924. $2.50.

SOCIETY AND ITS SURPLUS: A Study in Social Evolution. By NEWELL LEROY SIMS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1925. $3.

Reviewed by FRANKLIN H. GIDDINGS
Columbia University

THESE books should be read together. They have the same thesis, but expand it on different lines and unequally. Professor Carver, formerly of Oberlin, now of Harvard, once taught sociology but he became more occupied with political economy. Professor Sims was a preacher in Presbyterian pulpits, then a professor of economics and sociology at the University of Florida. From there he went to the Massachusetts Agricultural College as professor of sociology. He is now a professor of sociology at Oberlin.

A good while ago Professor Carver made a distinct place for himself in economic theory by cutting loose from the cults which taught successively that political economy is the science of wealth, the science of market values, the science of marginal utilities, and maintaining, as Adam Smith had done, that its theme is national prosperity. It may have taken courage to do this at the time, for the brilliant but paradoxical Simon Nelson Patten was then proclaiming the same idea; and Patten was more dreamer and seer than realist, while Carver, a realist always, must of need check up his facts and his conclusions. Patten saw in an ever-augmenting social surplus a new basis of civilization, and he attributed surplus largely if not, indeed, chiefly to changing habits of consumption, whereby natural resources are economized. Carver, hard headed, questions Patten's assumptions. He finds the adequate cause of prosperity in human energy, husbanded and wisely applied, and maintains that "economics, sociology, and ethics are all concerned with the economizing of human energy."

Professor Sims has taken up the notion of a relation of surplus to civilization, and says that the

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inspiration of his book came in a manner [illegible] often; but there is little evidence that Patten has actually influenced the thinking of Sims [illegible] than that of Carver in any definite way. More different is an indebtedness to Professor [illegible] Tenney of Columbia to whom Sims gives credit for "a germinal idea" found in an essay on "The Hypothesis of Individual and Social Surplus," published in *The Popular Science Monthly* in 1912. The thought of Tenney runs subtly [illegible] of Sims.

Professor Sims has undertaken a larger and more difficult task than Professor Carver's. Carver writes simply and clearly on relatively simple themes, sometimes with a touch of homely humor, and nearly always with a trustworthy discrimination. Vital energy he sees as solar energy transformed by effort, which is an expenditure of energy. Human life alone shows an energetic profit or surplus. There is, however, a universal tendency to dissipate energy in rest, play, or reproduction, in excess of necessity or of what we can afford. The depressing factor in the refutations of Malthus is the circumstance that they are commonly regarded as refutations! Americans are called wasters, but, Carver asks, are they as wasteful as they seem? Spendthrifts in almost everything else perhaps, they are economical of labor and penurious of time. Rational morality is that conduct which economizes human energy, and immorality the conduct which dissipates it. Civilization calls for curbing of self expression by self discipline. How much civilization, then, can we stand? This question Carver does not answer. Sims attempts to answer it. Readers will differ as to whether he succeeds.

* * *

Starting from a provisional definition of sociology as a science of group energy manifest in social forms, Professor Sims gives us a detailed and comprehensive treatise on social evolution. He calls it "a new way of approach, or rather an old way newly emphasized" to sociological theory. The basic notion is that society is essentially a physical phenomenon. Carver's basic notion is seemingly identical. "The ultimate social fact," he says, "is probably not psychical but physical." There is, however, a difference if Carver means (perhaps he does not) that the psychical is not physical. One might contend that society and all social facts are psychical and at the same time as a behaviorist in psychology and a monist in philosophy might add that all psychical phenomena that are scientifically knowable are manifestations of physical energy.

Professor Sims acknowledges that Herbert Spencer made "the first real attempt at a systematic sociology," and that Spencer's basic notion in sociology as in psychology was the hypothesis that "every physical and psychical change is generated by certain antecedent forces, and that from given amounts of such forces neither more nor less of such physical and psychical changes can result." This is just, and Professor Sims has done well to remind us of our debt, but exception may be taken to his further assertion that those who since Spencer have striven to make sociology a science have shifted it to other grounds, and have delivered it into the hands of those who hold that social energy is independent of mechanical law. Too many sociologists have done this, but not all. William Graham Summer, to name one, was not guilty.

To speak of the expositions of Social Power, Social Process, and Social Progress in which Professor Sims develops his basic notion and searches out its implications would be to expand a brief review into an article. He advances boldly but cautiously, as the scientific mind must. Also, it must be said, he is scholarly and an admirable writer. His reading has been wide-ranging and his citations are discriminating. His appraisals of the views of other writers are intelligent and fair. Dissent from some of his positions and conclusions there will be. The classification of tradition and organization as energies will be challenged. They are mechanisms, and condition the expenditure of energies, but are they energies themselves? They do not function by emitting energies put into them when they were made and so consuming themselves, as coal does in combustion. Their functioning is a direction, a coördination, or a transformation of energies turned into them now, from outside of them, generated outside of them, and never at any time a part of themselves. But these errors, if such they are, do not invalidate the soberly presented conclusion that the equilibration of social energies selects human personalities and develops them, enlarging and individualizing them.

The Bowling Green

Little Deaths

THE last few days before going away are, indeed, as the French say, a Little Death. Particularly when one is going abroad (an odd phrase, unless taken quickly)—going from a life one understands, or at least is part of, to one entirely strange. Then, as one muddles about straightening his affairs, things familiar suddenly show their savage importance. A small tousled head on a pillow, a sleeping child sprawled almost over the edge of her bed, or Mr. Edward Bear fallen stiff and forgotten over the bedside cliff, can unsettle the mind for an hour. In those final moonlit evenings small customaries become as significant as everything would always be to a rightly comprehensive sense. The midnight rape of shredded wheat with cream and brown sugar (a correspondent complains that we do not write about Food nowadays; I mention this for him; but it must be real cream, and brown sugar) and the tick of dropping acorns, Donny's flap-flap tail on the porch, and the howlet's quavering cry—these things you try to fold and stow away, along with the other packing. Tonight I woke at one o'clock and found our woodland brushed with silver. The Hunter's Moon, I think they call it; I wondered how I could fit it into my mind, with so many other ends and odds, so it would keep. One does not worry about packing sunlight, for that you share with everyone; but moonlight is your own.

* * *

It is excellent medicine to remember the things that will be going on not at all embarrassed by one's absence. That gate-man at the Long Island Station will still be shouting at five o'clock every afternoon, "First Stop Jamaicar, Jamaica Rexpress." There is a delightful spaced rhythm in his cry; he is a prosodist by nature. Friendly little stenographers will be saying "All-Righty" over the phone, perspiring yachtsmen cranking marine motors that don't start, and newspaper reviewers writing that Mr. So-and-So's new book is "equally as" interesting as his previous. The *Saturday Review*, moved away from its original quarters near the eight tall chimneys of Gashouse District into the intellectual élite of 45th Street, will hear the tramping feet of the Pack—the hungry throng of free-lance critics who pursue the beaten round of all magazines that give out books for comment. In the little circulating library in the Long Island Station people will be dropping in to choose a detective story in the few minutes before train-time. The thing that interests me in those books is always the card that tells who has borrowed the volume before. It fills me with vague speculation to observe that Miss E. M. Wheeler read "Definitions," and that that excellent book has earned 69 cents for the Library. Who, I say to myself, is Miss E. M. Wheeler and did she like it? I turn over the pages to see if she marked any passages. How depressing is the prohibition against writing in the margins of borrowed books. It should be compulsory; sometimes, in those anonymous comments, you find out what people really believe they think.

* * *

Ruddy September will go its course; the mules from the Pennsylvania coal-pits will smell air and grass and feel as strangely uncanny as a newspaperman when he first quits his job and takes to private pondering; every Sunday a definite predictable number of people will kill themselves and others in motor cars on the highways; the papers will write solemn editorials to the effect that publishing Income Tax figures is a deplorable invasion of individual privacy, and will simultaneously attempt to break into as many other privacies as possible; there will be the statistical quota of Important Autumn Weddings and hayfever pollens will cause the annual peak in the Scalpackerchief traffic. On transatlantic steamships a certain number of late prowlers will be sampling the smokeroom steward's cognac, or listening to the hiss along her side. And, as Roy Helton's graceful poem says,

> Above those gay young hearts atune
> The unimportant beauty of the moon.

The Queen of Sheba will return to her own housekeeping after her astonished visit to King Solomon remarking—the origin of the *mot*—"The half was not told me." "Of course she hasn't got accommodations like the more modern ships," said a wealthy lady. "There aren't any private baths." But isn't the walk down the swaying corridor, in your dressing gown, with that before-breakfast puff of moist wind that catches you at the cross-alley, isn't that part of the fun? All these things will be happening; and there will be reason, I suppose, for agreeing with Newman (Frances, not Cardinal) that "The cynical spirit is the foundation of good prose." But if so, then a pox on "good prose." For, thinking of a tousled head on a pillow, I cannot assent. I prefer a saying of Harry Leon Wilson's. He was interviewed (for *The Bookman*) by Myla Jo Closser. She said to him that he gave the impression of finding life entertaining. "Anyone is lucky to have got in at all on such a preposterous adventure," he said.

* * *

While motor cars are dusting along the roads on Sunday afternoon, out on Long Island Sound there is a Chinese junk. Among the little white-triangled yachts she comes drifting out of Stamford, a queer outlandish silhouette with her gravy-dish hull, her painted eyes, her amber parallelogram sails. A wavering ripple of topaz reflection follows those tall latticed sails as they move softly down wind. All the little sloops and ketches bend on everything they have to follow her, to have a good look at her queer shape, to take photographs. But she slips away as unreachable as a dream. With the breeze aft, nothing under canvas can overhaul her. My friend the Old Mandarin, who used to write Translations from the Chinese, would have had something to say about this. But then he was a sententious fellow who could moralize anything. There are some little visions that just have no moral at all.

* * *

"I had an energetic but delightful five days in France," writes C. W. S. (an Englishman—not one of the American hasteners we hear about.) "Day 1, St. Malo, Dinard, Dinan. 2, St. Michel. 3, Le Mans. 4, Chartres. 5, Rouen. I and the friend who was on holiday with me had a high dispute in St. Malo as to what Chateaubriand, who was born there, had written. The guide books shuffled out of it with *écrivain, grand auteur*. I was for meditations, political and philosophical: my friend said 'Fenimore Cooper tales about Red Indians.' We scoured the town for a statue that would reveal the secret. The statue was in the Casino grounds, and as these were closed we could only peer from a distance over the hedge. I was delighted to find the great Chateaubriand in a pensive attitude, finger to brow: but my friend said he could see a frieze of diminutive Indians running round the pedestal—like the Peter Pan statue, I suppose. Which of us was right?

I have a vague notion that both were right; but most of us would be stumped if asked on a dark night what Chateaubriand wrote. The only thing of his I ever read, however, was a very mild sort of chronicle of a young man who went to live among the Peau-Rouges 'dans le Far-Ouest' and found it arcadian and back-to-Natureish. Most travelers in France know Chateaubriand best as a kind of steak.

* * *

No one has yet seen large dove-colored limousines whickering past a patrolman's uplifted palm, and a P. L. tag on the radiator informing the admiring pedestrian that these are officials of the Public Library going to work.

Perhaps the Public Library is almost as important, in a big mongrel city, as the Fire Department. In my private Utopia, when a dangerously smouldering illiteracy was observed, or a sudden blaze of prejudice, the anixous citizen would turn in an alarm. Hark the siren and the jangling gong! Here comes the emergency truck from the Library, with a shell-specked interne and a shelf of æsthetics, Marcus Aurelius, Butler's Notebooks, and a sedative gazetteer or encyclopædia. In her hand the charming interne has one of those magic pencils with a rubber stamp on the end—civilization's wand against barbarism.

Half the trained workers in the New York Public Library get from $20 to $25 a week.

If some member of the Board of Estimate would visit the library for the blind in the big building on Fifth Avenue, or any of the children's reading rooms there or in the branches, I think he would agree that the Public Library is one of the city utilities that shouldn't be starved.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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SUSPENSE

A NAPOLEONIC NOVEL By Joseph Conrad

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Cosmo Latham, a young Englishman of wealth on a tour of Europe, in his roamings about Genoa yields to impulse and follows a seafaring man to a tower overlooking the harbor of Genoa where an Elban ship rides at anchor. Before he leaves his uncouth and mysterious companion he has become aware that the man is engaged in secret intercourse with Elba, where Napoleon is in exile. It is to visit a family which as political refugees from France had found shelter in his father's home in England, and which is now resident in Italy, that he has come to Genoa. His visits to the Countess of Montevesso give him an insight into the political background of her circle, and make him acquainted with the facts of her unhappy marriage as well as with her ill-favored husband and his half-savage niece. Upon this niece the young Englishman makes so deep an impression that she declares to her uncle her desire to have him for herself. Count Helion, while trying to soothe her, remarks to an English physician that he doesn't want "that popingay" around. Cosmo that night vanishes from the inn at which he has been staying. When he reenters the story he is at the tower in which his original adventure with the mysterious stranger has occurred. A shot has been fired; the sailor appears suddenly, and on Cosmo's telling him that he has observed two men, presumably his friends, he demands whether they have seen him. In the midst of his interview with him, a diversion is created. Cosmo is carried off by the gendarmes to the guardhouse, whence he is put aboard a boat. A second diversion occurs, Cosmo is kidnapped again, and again finds himself with the mysterious Attilio. By a narrow margin they manage to elude their captors and draw their boat toward the tower.

"IT'S very likely that when we part we will never see each other again," Cosmo said, resting his elbows on his knees and taking his head between his hands. He did not look like a man preparing to go ashore.

There were no material difficulties absolutely to prevent him from landing. The foot of the tower with the narrow strip of ground which a boat could approach was not sixty yards off, and all this was in the shadow of its own reflection, the high side of the breakwater, the bulk of the tower, making the glassy water dark in that corner of the shore. And besides, the water in which the boat floated was so shallow that Cosmo could have got to land by wading from where the boat lay without wetting himself much above the knees, should Attilio refuse to come out from under the shelter of the rock. But probably Attilio would not have objected. The difficulty was not there.

Attilio must have been thinking on the same subject, as became evident when he asked Cosmo whether those *sbirri* knew where he lived. After some reflection Cosmo said that he was quite certain they knew nothing about it. The *sbirri* had put no questions to him. They had not, he said, displayed any particular curiosity about what he was. "But why do you ask?"

"Don't you know?" said Attilio, with only half-affected surprise. "There might have been a dozen of them waiting for you in the neighbourhood on the chance of your returning, and you have no other place to go to."

"No, I haven't," said Cosmo in a tone as though he regretted that circumstance. He thought, however, that there might have been some of them out between the port and the town, and he knew only one way and that not very well, he added.

As a matter of fact that danger was altogether imaginary, because Barbone, who certainly was in the pay of the police for work of that sort, was not imaginative enough to do things without orders, and after sending his prisoner off left the rest of the gendarmes and went home to bed, while his young acolyte went about his own affairs. The other two *sbirri* were being medically attended to, one of them especially being very nearly half-killed by an unlucky blow on the temple. All the other *sbirro* could say in a feeble voice was that there four in the boat, that they were attacked by an inexplicable murderous gang, and that he imagined that the other two, the prisoner and the boatman, were now dead and very likely at the bottom of the harbour. The brigadier of the gendarmerie could not get any more out of him, and knowing absolutely nothing of the affair, thought it would be time to make his report to the superior authorities in the morning. All he did was to go round to the places where the boats were chained, which were under his particular charge, and count the boats. Not one was wanting. His responsibility was not engaged.

Thus there was nothing between Cosmo and Cantelucci's inn except his own distaste. There was a strange tameness in that proceeding, a lack of finality, something almost degrading. He imagined himself slinking like a criminal at the back of the beastly guardhouse, starting at shadows, creeping under the colonnade, getting lost in those dreadful deep lanes between palaces, with the constant dread of having suddenly the paws of those vile fellows laid on him and being dragged to some police post with an absurd tale on his lips and without a hat on his head and what for? Simply to get back to that abominable bedroom. However, he would have to go through it.

"Pity you don't know the town," Attilio's cautious voice was heard again, "or else I could tell you of a place where you could spend the remainder of the night and send word to your servant tomorrow. But you could not find it yourself. And that's a pity. I assure Your Excellency that she is a real good woman. To have a secret place is not such a bad thing. One never knows what one may need, and she is a creature to be trusted. She has an Italian heart and she is a *giardiniera* too. What more could I tell you?"

Cosmo thought to himself vaguely that the girl he had seen in Cantelucci's kitchen did not look like a woman gardener, though of course if Attilio had a love affair it would be naturally amongst people of that sort. But it occurred to him that perhaps it was some other woman Attilio was talking about. He made no movement. Attilio's murmurs took on a tone of resignation. "Your luck, signore, will depart with you, and perhaps ours will follow after." Cosmo protested against that unreasonable assumption, which was of course an absurdity but nevertheless touched him in one of those sensitive spots which are like a *défaut d'armure* in the battle-harness of various conceits which one wears against one's kind. He considered luck less in a sudden overwhelming conviction of it, in the manner of a man who had crossed the path of a radiating influence, or who had awakened a sleeping and destructive power which would now pursue him to the end of his life. He was young, *farouche*, mistrustful and austere, not like a stoic, but in the more human way like a man who has been born fastidious. In a sense altogether unworldly. Attilio emitted an audible sigh.

"You won't call it your luck," he pursued. "Well, let us leave it without a name. It is something in you. Your carelessness in following your fantasy, signore, as when you forced your presence on me only two days ago," he insisted, as if carelessness and fantasy were the compelling instruments of success. His voice was at it lowest as he added: "Your genius makes you true to your will."

NO human being could have been insensible to such words uttered unexpectedly in a tone of secret earnestness. But Cosmo's inward response was a feeling of profound despondency. He was crushed by their appalling unfitness. For the last twenty-four hours he had been asking himself whether he had a will of his own, and it had seemed to him that he had lost the notion of the real nature of courage. At that very moment while listening to the mysteriously low pitch of Attilio's voice the thought flashed through his mind that there was something within him that made of him a predestined victim of remorse.

"You can't possibly know anything about me, Attilio," he said, "and whatever you like to imagine about me, you will have to put me on shore presently. I can't stay here till the morning, and neither can you," he added. "What are you thinking of doing? What can you do?"

"Is it possible that it is of any interest to the signore? Only the other evening I could not induce you to leave me to myself, and now you are impatient to leave me to my fate. What can I do? I can always take a desperate chance," he paused, and added through his clenched teeth, "and when I think what little I need to make it almost safe . . . " The piously uttered exclamation, *"Ah, Dio!"* was accompanied by a shake of a clenched fist apparently addressed to the universe, but made as it were discreetly, in keeping with the low and forcible tones.

"And what is that?" asked Cosmo, raising his head.

"Two pairs of stout arms, nothing more. With four oars and this boat and using a little judgment in getting away I would defy that fellow there." He jerked his head towards the galley which in this tideless sea had not shifted her position a yard. "Yes," he went on, "I could even hope to remain unseen on account of a quick dash."

AND he explained to Cosmo further that in an hour or so a little nearer the break of day, when men get heavy and sleepy, the watchfulness of those custom-house people would be relaxed and give him a better chance. But if he was seen then he could still hope to out-row them, though he would have preferred it the other way because with a boat making for the open sea they would very soon guess that there must be some vessel waiting for her, and by telling the tale on shore, that government xebec lying in the harbour would soon be out in chase. She was fast, and in twenty-four hours she would soon manage to overhaul all the craft she would sight between this and the place he was going to.

"And where is that?" asked Cosmo, letting his head rest on his hands again.

"In the direction of Livorno," said the other, and checked himself. "But perhaps I had better not tell you, for should you happen to be interrogated by all those magistrates, or perhaps by the Austrians, you would of course want to speak the truth as becomes a gentleman—a *nobilissimo signore*—unless you manage to forget what I have already told you or perchance elect to come with us."

"Come with you," repeated Cosmo, before something peculiar in the tone made him sit up and face Attilio. "I believe you are capable of carrying me off."

"Dio ne voglio," was Attilio's answer, "God forbid. The noise you would make would bring no end of trouble. But for that perhaps it would have been better for me," he added reflectively. "Whereas I have made up my mind that there should be nothing but good from our association. Yet, signore, you very nearly went away with us without any question at all, for our head pointed to seaward and you could have had no idea that I was coming in here. Confess, signore, you didn't think of return then. I had only to hold the tiller straight another five minutes and I would have had you in my power."

"You were afraid of the *dogana* galley, my friend," said Cosmo as if arguing a point.

"Signore, this minute," said Attilio with the utmost seriousness. "Wake up there," he said in a raised undertone to his two men. "Take an oar, Pietro, and pull the boat to the foot of the tower."

"Hold," said Attilio. "Him I will not land. They will be at his place in the morning, and then he tells his tale . . . unless he is dead. See forward there."

A very subdued murmur arose in the bows and Attilio muttered, "Pietro would not talk to a dead man."

"He is extremely feeble," said Cosmo.

It appeared on Attilio's enquiry that this encumbrance as he called him was just strong enough to be helped over the thwarts. Probably, sustained under the elbows, he joined Cosmo in the stern sheets, where they made him sit between them. He let his big hands lie in his lap. From time to time he shivered patiently.

"That wretch Barbone knows no pity," observed Cosmo.

"I suppose he was the nearest he could get. What tyranny! The helpless are at the mercy of those fellows. He saved himself the trouble of going three doors farther."

They both looked at the ancient frame that age had not shrivelled.

"A fine man once," said Attilio in a low voice. "Can you hear me, *vecchio?*"

"*Si*, and see you too, but I don't know your voice," was the answer in a voice stronger than either of them expected, but betraying no sort of interest.

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"They will certainly throw him into prison." And to Cosmo's indignant exclamations Attilio pointed out that the old man would be the only person they would be able to get hold of and he would have to pay for all the rest.

Cosmo expressed the opinion that he would not stay there long.

"Better for him to die under the open sky than in prison," murmured Attilio in a gloomy voice. "Listen, old man, could you keep the boat straight at a star if I were to point you one?"

"I was at home in a boat before I could speak plainly," was the answer, while the boatman raised his arm and let it rest on the tiller as if to prove that he had strength enough for that at least.

"I have my boat's crew, signore. Let him do something for all Italy if it is with his last breath, that old Genoese. And now if you were only to take that bow oar you have been using so well only a few moments ago, I will pull stroke and we will make this boat fly."

Cosmo felt the subdued vibration of this appeal without having paid any attention to the words. They required no answer. Attilio pressed him as though he had been arguing against objections. Surely he was no friend of tyranny or of Austrian oppressors and he wouldn't refuse to serve a man whom some hidden power had thrown in his way. He, Attilio, had not sought him. He would have been content never to have seen him. He surely had nothing that could call him back on shore this very night, since he had not been more than three days in Genoa. No time for him to have affairs. The words poured out of his lips into Cosmo's ear while the white-headed boatman sat still above the torrent of whispered speech, appearing to listen like a venerable judge. What could stand in the way of him lending his luck and the strength of his arm? Surely it couldn't be love, since he was traveling alone.

"Enough," said Cosmo, as if the word had been extorted from him by pain, but Attilio felt that his cause had been gained, though he hastened to apologize for the impropriety of the argument, and assure the milord Inglese that nothing would be easier than to put him ashore in the course of the next day.

"What do you think, Excellency, there is my own native village not very far from Genoa on the Riviera di Ponente, and you will be amongst friends to carry out such orders as you may give, or pass you from one to another back to Genoa as fast as mules can climb or horses trot. And it would be the same from any point in Italy. They would get you into Genoa in disguise, or without disguise, and into the very house of Cantelucci, so that you could appear there without a soul knowing how you entered or how you came back."

COSMO, feeling a sudden relief, wondered that he should have found it in the mere resolution to go off secretly with only the clothes he stood up in, absolutely without money or anything of value on him, not even a watch, and without a hat, at the mere bidding of a man bound on some secret work, God knows where and for what object, and who had volunteered to him no statement except that he had cousins in every spot in Italy and a love affair with an *ortolana*. The enormous absurdity of it made him impatient to be doing, and upon his expressed desire to make a start Attilio, with the words, "You command here, signore," told his men it was time to be moving.

In less than half an hour the boat, with all her crew crouching at the bottom and using the oars for poling in the shallow water along the coast with infinite precaution to avoid knocks and bangs as though the boat, the oars, and everything in her were made of glass, had been moved far enough from the tower to have her nose put to the open sea. After the first few strokes Cosmo felt himself draw back again to the receding shore. But it was too late. He seemed to feel profoundly that he was not—perhaps no man was—a free agent. He felt a sort of fear, a faltering of all his limbs, as he swung back to his oar. Then his eyes caught the galley, indeed everybody's eyes in the boat were turned that way except the eyes of the ancient steersman, the white-headed figure in an unexpectedly erect attitude who, with hardly any breath left in his body and a mere helpless victim of other men's will, had a strange appearance of the man in command.

In less than ten minutes the galley became invisible, and even the long shadows of the jetties had sunk to the level of the sea. There was a moment when one of the men observed without excitement, "She's after us," but this remark provoked no answer and turned out to be mistaken, and for an hour longer Attilio, pulling stroke, watched the faint phosphorescent wake, the evanescent fire under the black smoothness of the sea, elusive like the tail of a comet amongst the dim reflections of the stars. Its straightness was the only proof of the silent helmsman with his arm resting along the tiller being still alive. Then he began to look about him, and presently, laying in his oar, relieved the old man at the tiller. He had to take his arm off it. The other never said a word.

THE boat moved slowly now. The problem was to discover the awaiting felucca without lights and with her sails lowered. Several times Attilio stood up to have a look without being able to make out anything. He was growing uneasy. He spoke to Cosmo.

"I hope we haven't passed her by. If we once get her between us and the land it will be hopeless to catch sight of her till the day breaks. Better rest on your oars."

He remained standing himself. His eyes roamed to and fro patiently and suddenly he emitted a short laugh. "Why, there she is."

He steered, still standing, while the others pulled gently. The old man, who had not emitted a sound, had slipped off the seat on to the stern sheets. Attilio said quietly, "Take your oars in," and suddenly Cosmo felt the boat bump against the low side of the felucca, which he had never turned his head to see. No hail or even murmur came from her. She had no lights. Attilio's voice said, "You first, signore," and Cosmo, looking up, saw three motionless heads above the bulwarks. No word was spoken to him. He was not even looked at by those silent and shadowy men. The first sound he heard were the words, "Take care," pronounced by Attilio in connection with getting the old boatman on board. Cosmo, standing aside, saw a group carry him over to the other side of the deck. While the sails were being hoisted he sat on the hatch and came to the very verge of believing himself invisible till suddenly Attilio stood by his side.

"Like this we will catch the very first breath of day-break, and may a breeze follow it to take us out of sight of that town defiled by the Austrians and soon to be the prey of the nobles and the priests." He paused. "So at least Cantelucci says. There are bed places below, if you want to take some rest, signore."

"I am not sleepy," said Cosmo. If no longer invisible, he could still feel disembodied, as it were. He was neither sleepy nor tired, nor hungry, nor even curious, as if altogether freed from the weaknesses of the body, and not indifferent but without apprehensions or speculations of any sort to disturb his composure as if of a fully informed wisdom. He did not seem to himself to weigh more than a feather. He was suffering the reaction of the upheaval of all his feelings and the endless contest of his thoughts and that sort of mental agony which had taken possession of him while he was descending the great staircase of the Palazzo under the eye of the Count of Montevesso. It was as though one of those fevers in which the victim watches his own delirium had left him irresponsible, like a sick man in his bed. Attilio went on:

"Cantelucci's an experienced conspirator. He thinks that the force of the people is such that it would be like an uprising of the ground itself. May be, but where is the man that would know how to use it?"

Cosmo let it go by like a problem that could await solution or as a matter of mere vain words. The night air did not stir, and Attilio changed his tone.

"They had their lines out ever since the calm began. We will have fish to eat in the morning. You will have to be one of ourselves for a time and observe the customs of the common people."

"Tell me, Attilio," Cosmo questioned, not widely but in a quiet, almost confidential tone, and laying his hand for the first time on the shoulder of that man only a little older than himself. "Tell me, what am I doing here?"

Attilio, the wanderer of the seas along the southern shores of the earth and the pupil of the hermit of the plains that lie under the constellation of the southern sky, smiled in the dark, a faint friendly gleam of white teeth in an over-shadowed face. But all the answer he made was:

"Who would dare say now that our stars have not come together? Come to sit at the stern, signore. I can find a rug to throw over a coil of rope for a seat. I am now the padrone of that felucca, but of course barring her appointed work you are entirely the master of her."

These words were said with a marked accent of politeness such as one uses for a courtesy formula. But he stopped for a moment on his way aft to point his finger on the deck.

"We have thrown a bit of canvas over him. Yes, that is the old man whose last bit of work was to steer a boat, and strange to think perhaps it had been done for Italy."

"Where is his star now?" said Cosmo, after looking down in silence for a time.

"Signore, it should be out," said Attilio with studied intonation. "But who will miss it out of the sky?"

The manuscript of "Suspense" was left unpublished at this point.

A complete set of 26 pamphlets by Joseph Conrad, privately printed by the author, Clement Shorter and T. J. Wise, each limited to 25 copies, sold for £145 at Sotheby's towards the end of the season. Ranging from the play "One Day More" to the appreciation of Anatole France, the pamphlets appeared between 1917 and 1920, three being signed by Conrad.

Rules of the Conrad Contest

1. Five cash prizes will be paid by *The Saturday Review of Literature*, as follows:

First Prize	$500
Second Prize	250
Third Prize	50
Fourth Prize	50
Fifth Prize	25

Fifty prizes consisting each of any one volume of the limp leather edition of Conrad's works which the winners may choose.

2. Beginning in the June 27th issue and continuing until September *The Saturday Review* will publish serially Joseph Conrad's last, unfinished novel, "Suspense." For the best essays on the probable ending of "Suspense" *The Saturday Review* offers $1,000.00 in prizes as specified in Rule No. 1.

3. Do not submit any essays until after the last instalment has appeared in September. At the conclusion of the contest all manuscripts should be sent to *The Saturday Review* Contest Editor, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Your full name and complete address must appear on the manuscript.

4. It is not necessary to be a subscriber to or purchaser of *The Saturday Review* in order to enter the contest. Copies of *The Saturday Review* may be examined at the Public Libraries. The contest is open to anyone except employees of the paper. Reviewers and contributors to the pages of the *Review* are eligible for all except the second prize, which is open only to non-professional writers.

5. The essays should be about 500 words in length, although they may run to 2,000 words.

Decision as to the merits of the essays will be made not only on the basis of the plausibility of the suggested ending, but also its plausibility as the ending of a characteristic Conrad novel. In awarding the prizes the literary quality of the essay will be taken into consideration as well as the ingenuity of the solution.

It must be clearly understood that the article submitted cannot be an actual conclusion to "Suspense," but must take the form of a discussion of what that conclusion might have been. Mr. Conrad has emphatically refused to permit the publication of any end to the novel.

6. The judges will be Captain David W. Bone, Joseph Hergesheimer, and Professor William Lyon Phelps. Their decision will be final.

7. The contest will close on October 1, 1925. Manuscript must be in the office of *The Saturday Review* before midnight of that date.

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Books of Special Interest

Scholarly Studies

STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF MEDIÆVAL SCIENCE. By CHARLES HOMER HASKINS. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1924.

Reviewed by DAVID EUGENE SMITH
Teachers College

THIS work from the pen of Professor Haskins is happily named. It is not a history; it is a work that makes histories possible. It is a series of studies made by a scholar. Most of them are already known to other scholars, twelve out of the eighteen being revisions or new versions of articles which have appeared, or in a sense disappeared, in various reviews. This fact increases rather than diminishes their value, since they now appear in definite form and are conveniently brought together for reference instead of being allowed to remain scattered through various sets of periodicals.

At first sight the chapters seem to be disconnected, and in a sense this is the case. Each is the result of a study made for a special purpose. There is, however, a coördinating principle running through the whole work,—the principle of scientific thought. The first study, for example, relates to the translators from the Arabic in Spain, and this necessarily touches upon all the sciences then known; the second is concerned with Adelard of Bath, who, if he did not translate in Spain, certainly knew and made further known the Mohammedan literature of science; and the third considers the one-time mysterious Herman of Corinthia, who also helped to make Arabic science familiar to western scholars. The fourth study is devoted to a still more elusive scholar, Hugo Sanctallensis, who apparently wrote in some unidentified center of learning in northwestern Spain and who seems to have known Arabic less intimately than some of the other translators, but who played well his part in the diffusion of science. To the five translations previously attributed to this writer Professor Haskins has added four that have been until now unknown. The next three studies are devoted to the twelfth-century writers on astronomy, the introduction of Arabic science into England, and the less well-known translators in Syria during the Crusades, all of which bears upon the important subject of the influence of the Moslem civilization in the West.

The second part of the work relates to translations of scientific treatises from the Greek; the third part to the Court of Frederick II, with a special study of "the wizard Michael Scot" and the fourth part to miscellaneous studies, including the abacus and the exchequer, Nimrod the Astronomer, some early treatises on falconry, and a list of textbooks used at the close of the twelfth century.

Such being the general scope of the work, there might arise a question as to the execution of the project, were it not for the fact that any such discussion would be simply a matter of form. The methods employed by Professor Haskins are well known, as is also his custom of examining the original documents as a foundation for his statements. To deny the validity of any of these statements, therefore, necessitates the production of counter evidence or the impeachment of the reliability of his sources, neither of which routes would prove an easy one to travel. His evidence is drawn largely from upwards of four hundred and fifty manuscripts now in various libraries of Europe. These manuscripts he has studied with a care that does honor to American scholarship and with a degree of success that makes his work a standard. His conclusions are based chiefly upon hitherto unprinted material, secured either from the original documents or from photographic copies. The results in such cases as those of Adelard, Hermann of Corinthia, Hugo Sanctallensis, and Nimrod the Astronomer; of such lesser scholars as Stephen of Antioch, Eugene of Palermo, Moses of Bergamo, and Burgundio the Pisan, not to speak of such familiar names as Michael Scot and his royal and scientific patron, Frederick II,—these are evidences of a ripe scholarship and of a spirit of research that are gratifying to all who have an interest in the science of the Middle Ages.

It must not be thought that Professor Haskins has solved all the problems that arise with respect to the topics he has considered. It may rather be said that, while solving many of them, he has simply increased the number demanding solution,—a universal paradox in history as well as the natural sciences and various other branches of knowledge. For example, the very fact that he has made such a thorough study of the abacus in connection with the court of the exchequer only serves to call attention to our ignorance of the history of the abacus in general, especially during the five centuries immediately preceding the period under discussion. Similarly, the list of textbooks in use at the close of the twelfth century serves not only to satisfy the appetite but to whet it. His case against John of Garland's authorship of the list in the "Sacerdos ad Altare" seems conclusive, the list itself seems clearly of the century in question, and the argument in favor of assigning it to Alexander Neckam is strong; but while all this adds to our knowledge, it stimulates our desire for further details as to what it was that young men actually studied in the higher schools of that period and in the early days of the university. Boethius and Euclid were known, but who taught them? and to whom? and how? and in what manner were notes taken, computations effected, and geometric figures traced? Great as is the contribution made to knowledge through these studies, perhaps it is in the developing of the questioning mind in the rising generation of students that the work will be most effective,—and this no doubt is precisely the desire of the one who has enriched our literature by this notable contribution.

The Blessed Siren

THE FAR PRINCESS. By EDMOND ROSTAND. Translated by JOHN HEARD, JR. New York: Holt. 1925.

Reviewed by CAMERON ROGERS

What words! It's hard to understand them all,
But beautiful she must be . . . beautiful!

N itself the secret cherishing of a belief in the existence of some fair woman waiting in a glamourous remoteness to be sought for, claimed and won, is no less natural to imaginative manhood than those delightful day-dreams one sometimes youthfully engaged in, in which fame and fortune were achieved through gallantry to an unknown beauty and courage in saving her from evil case. The *motif* of the "Far Princess," co-masterpiece with Cyrano of the genius of Rostand, is integral with all the unexpressed but dearest desires in men's hearts. It is the fountain-head of romance, actually the dove-cote to which in periods of easeful imagination, the thoughts of most men fly. The verse of Rostand is in places curiously unflexible, but never without its beauty of great melody and a resonance like that given to the softest chords by the lustrous, seasoned belly of a Stradivarius.

Mr. Heard's translation was no easy task since he had a too mellifluous note to avoid yet one to preserve whose quality was rather sweetness than strength. The result is a distinguished achievement for the entire story goes clothed in an atmosphere genuinely mediæval, reminiscent of the historic yet strangely legendary days of Bertran de Born and Richard and their *lais* and *virelais*, the great troubadours of the *langue d'oil* and the *langue d'oc*, the courts of Eléanore of Aquitaine and Berengaria of Navarre. It is rare that it may be evoked, this spirit of a time far stranger, actually, than the tales that have been written of it. The late Maurice Hewlett wrote faithfully of it and once or twice with admirable success but his medium was prose and his work original.

Mr. Heard was faced by an operation far more difficult, an infinitely delicate bit of literary surgery, that of transferring from its French repository, its original and living body, this most perishable essence and of placing it in his own less romantic native speech without having it evaporate upon his pen-point on the way. But the operation was in every respect successful. Possibly Melissinde when no longer the Far Princess but the very near woman in love, loses somewhat more of her charming aura of mystery in the translation than she does in the original, but that is perhaps to be expected. Rudel is good, Bertran is very good and the boat's crew excellent. And the verse, never undistinguished, flashes here and there into coruscating points of great beauty.

"The Far Princess" in Mr. Heard's hands is still the Blessed Siren.

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A New Scheherazade

By JAMES WEYGALL

PANAIT ISTRATI is the son of a Greek [illegible] and a Rumanian peasant [illegible] deep gratitude for his [illegible] years of devoted care and [illegible] affection for her, but a [illegible] desire to know the world and its people took possession of him, and he set forth. He soon developed a passion for [illegible] as overwhelming as that of the members of Singer's Circus for music, and the experience of more than twenty years spent among his fellow men, as waiter, pastry-cook, locksmith, sandwich-man, stevedore, house-painter, photographer, coppersmith, mechanic, domestic servant, navvy,—I believe this list is incomplete,—are now being written. By the merest chance, Istrati lived to discover that his vagabondage had loaded his mind with a priceless cargo of anecdote for the embellishment of the stories* to which we, in company with Zograffi"—may they run into many volumes—make it now an absolute necessity for all who have the merest beginnings of a fondness for literature to watch Rumania.

Istrati's work is, if I may steal a phrase sometimes too lightly employed by a blurb-writer friend of mine, "lit by the unmistakable fires of genius." It is a pure stream of tale-telling which flows with leaping brilliance down the hillsides and through the rye-fields of Rumania, and the glimpses we get of a little-known country are delightful; the Danube at Braïla, with its flotilla of cushioned pleasure craft in which the rich men of five nations dream away the summer hours, and its procession of towering ice-blocks in winter, is very fascinating and exotic, but what prevented me from putting these "Récits" down until I had read the last page is Istrati's complete mastery of the story-teller's art. The smooth-running of his narratives is never impeded by unnecessary detail; his exposition is accomplished with lightning rapidity, and his backgrounds are sketched in with the skill of a seasoned craftsman. We get therefore pure narrative with none of the conventional wrappings to which the poor reading public of today is accustomed. There is no tortured psychological dissection of character here; no repetition or congestion; no mannered or experimental prose. The result is such a flawless piece of work of its kind that one feels it must have been obtained by virtue of a firm determination to avoid these pitfalls in the way of the would-be tale-teller, but I was never more certain of anything than that Istrati's composition is entirely effortless.

I have just received Rieder's book-list from Paris; it contains the information that "Les Haïdoucs," the third collection of "Récits," is now published, and I trust that my enthusiasm here will send some of my readers to their book-sellers for these three slim volumes by a new Scheherazade.

*Les Récits d'Adrien Zograffi: I. Kyra Kyralina; II. Oncle Anghel; III. Les Haïdoucs. By Panait Istrati. Paris: Rieder.

Adrien Zograffi, can now listen. I suspect that Adrien, to whom these tales are told and who, we are given to understand, will speak for himself later, bears the same relation to Istrati as the "I" of "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu" does to Proust.

In 1921, at the age of thirty-seven, Istrati tried to kill himself; he failed, and the letter he had written to Romain Rolland on the eve of his attempted suicide was posted by the inmates of the hospital at Nice where he lay hovering between life and death. Thanks to Romain Rolland, to whom he acknowledges his debt in a charming foreword, he has begun to put himself on paper. In 1917 Istrati knew no French; in 1921 Rolland received a letter from Nice, to which he refers in his preface to "Kyra Kyralina" as "la confession d'un nouveau Gorki des pays Balkaniques," and goes on to say:

Il est un conteur-né, un conteur d'Orient, qui s'enchante et s'émeut de ses propres récits, et si bien s'y laisse prendre qu'une fois l'histoire commencée, nul ne sait, ni lui-même, si elle durera une heure, ou bien mille et une nuits. La Danube et ses méandres. . . . Ce génie de conteur est si irrésistible que, dans la lettre écrite à la veille du suicide, deux fois il interrompt ses plaintes désespérées pour narrer deux histoires humoristiques de sa vie passée.

Istrati seems to have, in common with Gorki, a complete disregard for a certain class of reader, for there is no evidence of squeamishness in his writings, and I would not advise anyone to send "Kyra Kyralina" to the British statesman who threw "The Constant Nymph" across the room at an early page. It is this very quality in a book which convinces one that its author has a fine and right conception of the true meaning of art, and in the particular case of Istrati, it is a sort of guarantee of his sincerity. His unflinching frankness has not been assumed *pour épater*; he is merely being faithful to his creed. If he meets a man of sensibility, a man with a heart, of what importance are his *moeurs?* The all-important thing for him is that his friends should be men of heart, and not unfeeling egotists, *des morts qui empêchent les vivants de vivre.* Whatever Istrati's friends may be,—and some of them are extraordinarily odd,—they are not corpses, and he has made them live their lives over again for us with astonishing vividness.

As far as I know, Rumania has produced exceedingly few writers in recent years whose work is known in England or America. Princess Bibesco's "Les Huit Paradis" and "Isvor, Pays des Saules" are in a different *genre*, but exquisite in style and content. They have both found their way into English, and "Isvor, The Country of Willows" is a fine piece of recreative translation by Hamish Miles. "Les Récits d'Adrien

The Salad Bowl

The brick [in New York City] varies in color from an unsuccessful lemon white to deep red, with some particularly fine oatmeal tints in the later buildings that take the sunlight with a radiant sweetness. One had the ridiculous fancy about the Americans that after a generation of breakfast-food eaters the oats were now coming out in their architecture. In the clear, gay atmosphere of Manhattan these oatmeal palaces are delightful. They add quietly to one's growing conception of New York as feminine—feminine as Venice, with which city one observed unexpected links.
—James Bone, "The City of Dreadful Height," in Manchester *Guardian.*

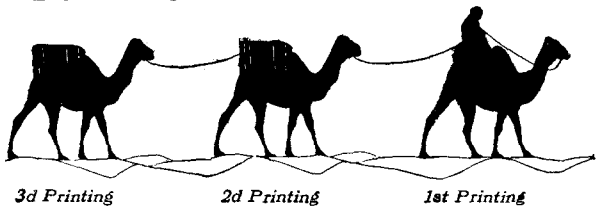
⁂

The eternal question still is whether the profit of any concession that a man makes to his Tribe, against the Light that is in him, outweighs or justifies his disregard of that Light. . . . A man may be festooned with the whole haberdashery of success, and go to his grave a castaway.
—Rudyard Kipling, *Independence.*

⁂

The poetic literature of England is one of the mightiest efforts that a national mind has ever achieved, but her prose literature has never grown up. It was written on the playing-grounds of Eton. From the Round Table through Scott and Stevenson to Conrad it is always a boy's tale, with adventures borrowed from the criminal calendar, and a psychology that is taken bodily from the cricket-field; and I think it is today as dead as is the literature of Belgium, of Spain, or of Switzerland.
—James Stephens, *The Outlook for Literature* (1922).

Mr. Galsworthy's "Caravan" sets out on a long journey



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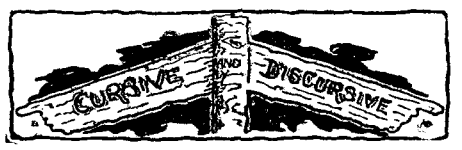

WHEN one meditates the nature of reality it seems entirely possible that the vibrations of writers' moods might have created in the beginning, and might continue to create and populate, another world than this, filled with the various figures of their fancy. Others before us have toyed with the idea.

What matter if the scenery were rather spectral, the forms that moved about in that space not always entire, their actions not always conforming to natural laws as we know them. Enough books have been written to fill such a phantasmal world with every variety of denizen. It would bear a singular resemblance in beauty and gloom, light and shade, to the world as we know it. Its ruling spirits would be the most vividly presented characters wrought by the greatest authors. The fringes of its society would be peopled by the lame, halt, and blind creations of lesser writers. There would be pleasures and palaces, contented homes and festering slums. And there would be quite a district of neurotics. Of course, as the great characters of fiction live forever in the circumstances and through the years that their authors allotted them, there would be quite a muddle of centuries, of costumes and fashions, manners and môdes.

But then the old idea of Heaven anticipated such a medley! In the Country of Characters, we speculate, all and sundry would not immediately be divested of the habiliments of their time, a harp thrust into their hands, a halo slapped on their heads, a white robe shaken down over shoulders. No, thank God for that! They would project themselves from the pages of their respective volumes in their habit as they lived, and remain so. Enough characters from every epoch, against their proper background, would serve to divide the Country of Characters into provinces in each of which would flourish the civilization of a different period. And think what an interesting interchange of ideas might result from, for example, a chance meeting between the characters of one of Fielding's novels and those of a more modern work by Virginia Woolf.

With respect to the parallel existence of the life and manners of various times this character world would afford more interest than our own. And yet it is no more than the world that exists in the mind of any widely read and truly cultivated person. Such a mind contains many centuries. In it a process of comparison betwen this era and that is always going forward. In such a mind Tom Jones does meet and greet Mrs. Dalloway. Becky Sharp and Iris Storm can foregather. (Whether they would choose to do so or not is another matter.) The characters of Jonson's "Volpone, the Fox," say, stray within sight of the characters of Joyce's "Ulysses," even if only to avoid them. There are, of course, thousands of other instances. The combinations and permutations are well nigh infinite.

Looked at in this light, what a never-ceasing pleasure it should be to the inordinate reader to possess two worlds,—the spectral one of Characters that Have Never Actually Lived conducing to so many meditations. But alas, it takes a most remarkable mind and memory to keep in purview even one district of the Country of Characters at one time! Though that world is no sphere, still the sun of insight and memory does not often illumine the whole tract at one time, save for the truly extraordinary reader. In ordinary musings much of it sleeps in darkness while one particular territory only is fitfully lit. That, at least, is the average experience. The really great critic spies out the land otherwise. His mind's noonday comprehends more nearly the entire scene. At one and the same time he perceives the highway and forest of the Canterbury Pilgrims, say, and the sombre estates of the Russian novelists. This way and that all is to ponder and compare. Numberless similitudes and differentiations rise to his mind. At least such should be the peculiar prerogative of the truly informed critic.

Every year, as novels multiply, we become more convinced, however, that this Country of Characters needs the practice of some Malthusian doctrine. If it is true in our own world that we have not yet solved the problem of the unfortunates that throng our asylums, it is equally true that a great many only half created or very imperfectly created beings must perplex the administration of the realm we have imagined, populated by authors' minds. The immigration problem in that land can, perhaps, never be satisfactorily settled; and of late years many minor writers have let loose upon the country an influx of very doubtful citizens.

Mysteria, for instance, which surely is the section where the characters of detective fiction and mystery-romance foregather, might well complain of the number of new and rather third-rate detectives and criminals that have come to swell its numbers; Realistica, of the number of psychopathic cases; Elysium, of the number of unbonneted pollyannas and western he-men. Such are a few cases in point. And yet, what is to be done about it? So far, of course, there has always existed a Limbo into which, after a few years, the less permanent of the population justly faded. In fact, we can imagine a regulation by which in every year of this Country's existence a committee of Immortal Characters is appointed with free access to all realms, to herd into a large assemblage all the imperfect creations of minor authors and march them, without delay, to the edge of the desert of Oblivion, there bidding them farewell, having first supplied them with sustenance for certain days, after profiting by which they are, presumably, lost forever to the mind. In fact, we earnestly feel that some such measures must have for long been practised, for it is certain that numbers of persons, after brief citizenship, forever vanish from the Country of Characters and are heard from no further. Perhaps, after all, this exodus keeps pace with the influx.

The truly great characters are, of course, confronted with the tedium of living forever. For a person in, say, Hamlet's state of mind, this must be extremely wearing, and Macbeth must, by this time, be atrociously weary of Banquo. Still, there seems to be no help for that; though perhaps the impermanent creations of lesser writers are more grateful to their creators than Shakespeare's immortals are to Shakespeare. We shouldn't wonder!

Which really brings us to the end of what we have to say this week. Only it occurs to us that, there having of late years been such a revival of imaginary map-making, it might be quite amusing to construct a chart of the Country of Literary Characters, both of the old realms therein and those adjacently new. We leave the matter to the consideration of the man who made the map of Fairyland and to the other inspired cartographers of imaginary territory.

W. R. B.

Shaw's play "Saint Joan," translated into French by M. and Mme. Hamon, will be published in October by Calmann-Lévy. In the Paris *Temps* of August 10 Mr. Shaw contributed, by special request of the editors, the feuilleton "Chronique Théatrale" under the title "Réflexions." After having been invited to write this article Mr. Shaw has not hesitated to include therein certain reflections against Paris and the French. If the author intended these remarks to be "funny"—and how could he have intended them otherwise?—they did not produce the effect desired.

Plon is publishing a posthumous work by Maurice Barrès, "Pour la Haute Intelligence Française," with a preface by Charles Moureau, member of the Academy of Sciences, which includes Barrès' defence of French laboratories. It is also announced that fragments of a posthumous novel by Barrès, on the subject of the Rhineland, wil appear this winter, with a study of the author by M. Chappey. Maurice Barrès only son, Philippe, writes frequently and well in the Paris press.

Pierre Loti's "Journal Intime: 1878-1881" is published by his son, Samuel Viaud (Calmann-Levy), but is not found to reveal anything particularly new which could alter the already delightful impression of this writer and man. There are descriptions of youthful escapades, and of his relations with his "dear old mother," whom he brought to Paris for her first visit there, and where she was never tired, wanted to see and do everything like a girl, and made him spend an *argent fou*, much to his amusement. He wrote to a friend at the time: "My heart is frightfully empty. My only pleasure is in my mother's." This was anterior to his marriage, at a period when a certain love affair with a woman "of a beauty that was never seen before" had gone wrong.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Drama

THE SAINT. By STARK YOUNG. Boni & Liveright. 1925. $1.75.

This play, produced by the Provincetown Players a year ago, is a particularly difficult one to judge from the printed page since so much of its effectiveness depends upon staging, external action, and picturesque setting. Although the characterizations are delicate and true in their drawing and the dialogue contains many passages of real beauty, power, and literary appeal, it is difficult to visualize the scenes as vividly as one could wish. Without the color, motion, and sound for which the stage directions call, much of it fails to rouse the reader, whereas the same person seeing the drama unfold before him upon a stage in all its colorful pageantry would doubtless be stirred and quickened into emotional reaction. Mr. Young himself admits this in his introduction. His play is primarily of and for the theatre; those who read, rather than see it, are at a distinct disadvantage.

As to plot the play is simple and curiously enough very untheatric. It deals chiefly with the love story of two men and a woman in a little Mexican border town. Valdez, the hero, leaves the religious order where he would shortly have become a priest, to follow Marietta, the pretty, alluring young actress of a barnstorming group of players. With them Valdez achieves success through his remarkable tragic-comic portrayal of Charlie Chaplin, but he loses Marietta. Drawn to Valdez spiritually, it is to Dedaux the knife-thrower, brutal French-Creole, that she gives her body. In the end Valdez is left alone; a tragically heroic figure, unable to return to the old religious life, or to continue in the rôle of popular player, but filled with a new sympathy and understanding of all who walk beside him in that strangest of all pageants,—the Procession of Life.

This then is the theme:—the continuity of human life, or "the long line of the soul's days that makes life possible to bear." There are moments when Mr. Young is highly successful in achieving this effect, almost as successful as Mr. Lawson was throughout his entire play of "Processional." But at other times "The Saint" drops back to the dramatic mediocrity of "The Fool," although it is only fair to say that no two plays could be more unlike in mood and method.

Education

AN INTRODUCTION TO ECONOMIC GEOGRAPHY. Vol. I. By WELLINGTON D. JONES and DERWENT S. WHITTLESEY. University of Chicago Press. 1925. $5.

This book is the first part of what is essentially a combination of a syllabus and readings on economic geography for underclassmen in college. This first volume deals with the major features of the geographic environment which affect the economic activities of man, while the second volume will summarize the chief economic activities of man as conditioned by environmental factors. The book lacks in continuity and coherence, and in many ways illustrates some of the chief defects in contemporary human geography as pointed out by Febvre, particularly the search for general factors and influences and the broad generalization from a few specific instances. It is, however, admirably illustrated, contains suggestive questions and class exercise, and will doubtless prove a convenient pedagogical aid to teachers of the subject.

Fiction

THE STORY OF A NOVEL; AND OTHER STORIES. By MAXIM GORKY. Authorized translation by MARIE ZAKREVSKY. Lincoln MacVeagh: The Dial Press. 1925. $2.50.

The peculiar intellectual and spiritual idiom which we have come to regard as characteristic of Russian authors dominates these five short stories by Maxim Gorky. A semi-transparent curtain hangs between us and the scene, keeping from us the details which we ordinarily think interesting and vital, but emphasizing those which are to us of minor importance, irrelevant, and irritating. The whole treatment of narrative material is foreign to Anglo-Saxon judgment; it is not strange that these stories seem out of focus, and a little fumbled. There comes, however, with these qualities, a decided sense of novelty. "The Hermit," "A Sky-Blue Life," and the title-story are tales which we are glad to read; they are undeniably vigorous. The remaining two, "The Rehearsal" and "An Incident," talk our interest in them to death. Page after page of metaphysical jargon inevitably palls. But all in all, the volume has much of worth in it; none of us can read these words from an alien world of thought without benefiting by the contact. Although in no way enthralling, the collection will give pleasure to those readers whose tastes are thoroughly cosmopolitan.

THE COME-BACK. By M. D. C. CRAWFORD. Minton, Balch. 1925. $2.

The prize fighter hero usually has a way of being so very noble that it is hard to believe in him. Yet he is not at all an impossible creature and the youthful hero of this, "Red" Donlin, welterweight champion, etc., manages to be quite human, although he remains definitely a hero with the nearly superhuman attributes of his class. Aside from the usual accounts of fights both in the ring and *en passant*, the story also takes its red-headed hero into the Maine woods and makes an out-door he-man of him, completing that phase of his education by introducing him to a log jam. But it is not overdone and its atmosphere of the big woods, with its blizzard, its French Canadians, and its very rough lumberjacks is nowhere laid on too thickly. By far the best thing in the book is the portrait of the wily old "Mac," the prize-fighter's manager. He is not at all a conventionalized creature—and that is saying a good deal as to any character in current fiction.

THE MONSTER. By HARRINGTON HEXT. Macmillan. 1925. $2.

If only the enigmatic gentleman who writes detective stories under the *nom de plume* of Harrington Hext—said to be the *alias* of an author of prominence in another field—had suppleness of manner and were able to make his people talk like everyday human beings instead of handing each other solid chunks of conversational bricks, or even of set speeches, we should have the mystery story raised to an *nth* degree. For he has not only rare ingenuity in the building of his plots but a constructive imagination.

The stage setting of this one of his tales is particularly good: its centrepiece is an immense, ruinous old warehouse at the edge of a small channel port, a town that has lost its maritime importance with the coming of the railroads but which was once a favorite resort of smugglers. Of course there is an underground passage from the store house to a neighboring farm, and, of course, the assortment of murders takes place in the old building.

THUS FAR. By J. C. SNAITH. Appleton. 1925. $2.

Science goes on and on in its quest for truth, prying unafraid into nature's secrets. Mr. Snaith takes for the text of his detective story, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." It is strange to have a mystery tale with a text, but we cannot help feeling that the author is in earnest, and regards the warning as necessary. If he had taken a rational extension of current scientific investigation as a basis for his fear, he would have been wiser. As it is, he suggests that men of science here and there are trying to create a "super-man," a being who shall be superior to currently conceived natural laws. In "Thus Far" Graham Delaforce discovers a serum (these remarkable serums are getting to be sadly over-worked) which can transform a human being into a thinking machine, exempt from normal instincts, exempt from common needs, exempt from age and dissolution. From this discovery come fear, death, and mystery.

The plot is not developed credibly; the dénouement and resolution are weak. Although we are easily carried along through most of the narrative by Mr. Snaith's facility, we rebel more and more as the novel nears its end. The task the author set himself is so difficult that he cannot bring it to a logical, convincing, air-tight conclusion. That this is true is unfortunate, because much skill and much entertaining writing are found in the first half of the book.

(*Continued on next page*)

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THE KEEPER OF THE BEES. By GENE STRATTON-PORTER. Doubleday, Page. 1925. $2.

Mrs. Stratton-Porter's swan song extends to over 500 pages without showing any marked improvement over her preceding work. The story's unwonted length is due largely to the immense garrulity of a ten-year old prodigy who emits a staggering variety of precocious but wholesome knowledge of surface realities. This child is in fact a vastly wiser person than the average adult on every earthly subject mentioned, and yet naturally trusts unquestioned the babe-bringing powers of the stork.

Our hero is an invalid soldier who deserts from an army hospital to get well. He takes a temporary job tending bees while the Bee Master is laid up, ultimately inheriting the boss's shoes, regaining his health the while, doing golden deeds, popularizing himself in the community, and living up generally to the pattern of a pious bore. A poor girl confides to him that she has been ruined and begs the privilege of bearing his name to sanctify her approaching maternity. He has never seen her before she makes this modest request, but he, noble soul, accedes to it at once, and they are wed, the bride's plans, however, requiring that they separate immediately after. Thus the love interest is provided, and also sentimental complications that we won't tell. The whole book radiates sweetness, hope, and light with the unreasoning intensity of an August sun.

GREENERY STREET. By DENIS MACKAIL. Houghton Mifflin. 1925. $2.

The theme of moronic marriage is here adorned by two such imbeciles as we believe have never yet evaded confinement in a defective's home. They are peerless beyond compare, and all prizes for stupidity, ignorance, and incompetence should at once be awarded to these prattling newlyweds who pass their idyllic first year in the quaint seclusion of Greenery Street. It would be possible to forgive the author's exhibition of them, were it not obvious that he wants us to think they are adorably cunning. They are not—for abysmal stupidity is invariably accompanied by a lack of character and courage, which is not cunning but offensive. Nor is their story bright or humorous.

AN OCTAVE. By JEFFERY E. JEFFERY. Little Brown. 1925. $2.

This book is, for what it assumes to be, entirely successful,—an entertaining novel slight in theme and treatment which really "comes off." As the story of eight days in the life of a family in whom most of us will recognize ourselves or our friends, it carries the most extraordinary conviction. Here is realism not built by the usual overloading of ponderous detail, but realism conveyed, in spite of a very much constructed series of incidents, by the truth of its movement, humor, and good nature, by the very ease of the writing. It even becomes entirely credible not only that in one week multitudinous disasters should threaten the usual comfortable tenor of Rexon's life, attacking his marriage, his publishing business, his children's lives and futures, but that within those eight days he should also have a moral regeneration, inherit a fortune, and come through again to smooth water. Life is like that, and as actual as the absurd crowding of misfortunes is Rexon's final realization that he had, after all, been defeated by good fortune. The book is of the airiest, but it leaves one eager to applaud the skill of Mr. Jeffery's performance, the exactitude of his stress and accent in wielding the light touch.

GONE ABROAD. By DOUGLAS GOLDRING. Houghton Mifflin. 1925. $4.

Mr. Goldring is a traveler of the type that likes to go where others have not gone and see what others have not seen. On the trip related in "Gone Abroad," he tried his luck in the Balearic Isles and in certain minor corners of northern Italy. His islands seem to have satisfied him most thoroughly as a *terra incognita*, but his pleasant gift for bumping into little bits of the world not yet overseen finds happier play on the more accessible continent. Some of his best Stevensonizing, indeed, was done about Cannes, among the English beachcombers of that much frequented resort. He writes with an alert though somewhat obtrusive sense of effect, and of the power of "touch," and with an odd waggishness peculiar to him. By way of contrast, he has slipped into the book a chapter on the English industrial town of Middlesborough-on-Tees, which, it would appear, lies at the precise opposite end of the world from Bohemia, Cocagne, and the Isles of Bliss. It is a clever shot, it is hard on Middlesburgh, and it is, for a Bohemian, just a little preachy.

GREEN ISLANDS IN GLITTERING SEAS. By W. L. PUXLEY. Dodd, Mead. 1925. $3.50.

This book represents the Farthest South in the sort of writing made famous by William Beebe. With singular ineptitude of phraseology and *clichéd* metaphor Mr. Puxley turns what might have been an engrossing account of a private voyage through a sector of Polynesia into a piece of heavy-going compilation.—What a difference a sense of humor does make!—if it is lacking.

Yet it is highly informative in its way, the writer having eked out his own familiarity by bringing in a mass of anecdote and data gathered from conscientious delving into what appears to be nearly all of last generation's literature pertaining to the South Seas. The best of it is his chapter on "Relics of the Past," wherein the astounding evidences of a once vigorous and developed past—when Oceania was unquestionably a vast continent—are catalogued and adequately discussed. There is provocation here to thrill even well-read archæologists.

Trade Winds

EXCELLENT indeed was the window-display material sent round by Geo. H. Doran for Mrs. Rinehart's "The Red Lamp." The blood-stained knife, can of Squibbs's ether, bit of rope, torn letter, and strip of black velvet, etc., was a first-class exhibit and most of the bookstores made good use of it. The best tribute that could be paid was when the cop on my street stopped in to know "what's it all about?" I think he imagined that Young Amherst and I had made away with a customer.

Some of Mrs. Rinehart's talent has evidently descended to her sons, for Mr. Alan Rinehart's monthly piece in *The Bookman* is among the best of the publishers' blurbs. Mr. Doran has always been a genius in picking his Publicity Men: Sinclair Lewis (or was it Coningsby Dawson?), Robert Cortes Holliday, Grant Overton—certainly a remarkable hierarchy. A job as publisher's megaphone has become—ever since the days of Frank Norris—the traditional beginning for young authors.

I have often felt that someone should pay tribute to the admirable enterprise and intelligence of Macy's book department. I don't know who runs it; I have heard talk in the Trade of the very able Miss Grace Gaige who is the buyer, I believe; the publishers grumble because Macy cuts prices; but speaking for the mere Public that wants to get good books as cheap as possible, Macy's is a notable mart. Even in such matters as French books it is surprisingly *au courant*. Many people have been reading "Anatole France en Pantoufles" in the translation at 5 bucks when they could buy it in French at Macy's for 69 cents. Remarks like these will prostrate some of my colleagues with indignation; but this department is intended merely to emit the observations of a free-lance bookseller who has nothing to lose by candor.

The Danish pastry business has paid a nice little dividend, and I am going to send Young Amherst abroad for a few weeks to enlarge his ideas. As it is he who edits my MS. and makes it into good Genung English, if my literary style wabbles a little in the next few issues you will pardon the untutored Scandinavian.

If there is any good fortune in digits, the new address of the Holliday Bookshop, 49 East 49, ought to be lucky. Mr. Holliday understands very well the requirements of his specially intelligent clientèle. For example, that little Cambridge University Press pamphlet edition of Lytton Strachey's lecture on Pope: the average bookseller would hardly be aware of its existence. Yet Mr. Holliday has sold 70 copies in a few weeks.

Books that are selling well in my shop: "Week End," by Charles Brackett; "The Perennial Bachelor," by Anne Parrish; "Caravan," by J. Galsworthy; "Skipper," by Percy Crosby; "Beau Geste," by P. C. Wren; "Hypatia," by Mrs. Bertrand Russell; "The Red Lamp," by Mary Roberts Rinehart.

I am astonished to see listed in a catalogue of an English bookseller (I do not mention his name, as I want the book for myself, and some wealthy reader might forestall me by cabling) a copy of the First Edition of "Jude the Obscure" for 7s. 6d. I remember very well Mr. A. Edward Newton telling me he paid £40 for a first of "Desperate Remedies." Speaking of rare editions, Mr. Walter M. Hill, the famous Chicago bookseller, is going to England for two months, "and will be glad to make note of any special desiderata which his clients have in mind." So my Young Amherst will have competition over there. It is Master Amherst's first trip abroad; if it weren't for my old gaffer in the pastry traffic he might never have gone. I have warned him to be careful about poker games in the smoke-room and not to try the galantine of veal until the third day out.

I am afraid that I offended several of my most intellectual customers by pasting on my bulletin board an article of Mr. Bernard Simon (in the *Morning Telegraph*) to the effect that the appeal of Mr. Carl Van Vechten's books was to the servant-girl type of intellect. "He has successfully dressed up the scrubwoman's novel to please a class of people who glorify intelligence and have only a half-portion themselves." But whether offended or not, a number of people bought Vanvechteniana to see whether their minds were housemaidish.—The greatest

(*Continued on next page*)

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

A BALANCED RATION

THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE. By Willa Cather (Knopf).

THE LITTLE FLOWERS OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI (Stokes).

ROBERT OWEN. By G. D. H. Cole (Little, Brown).

C. E. E., Ithaca, N. Y., notices a reference in "Note and Comment" to the "suppressed first editions of Lewis Carroll's 'Adventures in Wonderland,'" and asks what could possibly have brought about such action in regard to gentle Alice.

THE first edition of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," two thousand copies, was condemned both by author and illustrator because the pictures—the Tenniel drawings that were to become classic with the text—did not come out well. All purchasers were asked to return their copies to the publishers with their names and addresses and a new edition was prepared and distributed to those who did so, the old copies being given away by the author to various homes and hospitals. With the new edition both Dodgson and Tenniel were well pleased, calling it "a perfect piece of artistic printing." I take this example of craftsman's conscience from the generally delightful "Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll," by Stuart Collingwood (Century), fortunately still in print and one of the most vivacious of last generation's literary reminiscences.

M. J. A., Lake Kushaqua, N. Y., asks for the best book on mushrooms, with color and half-tone pictures.

THERE is one just published, less expensive and of a more convenient size for field use than the beautiful "Mushroom Book," by Nina J. Marshall (Doubleday, Page), that has for years held the fort as the most comprehensive popular publication on the subject. The new book is W. B. McDougall's "Mushrooms" (Houghton Mifflin), with any number of excellent illustrations. It describes ninety species so clearly that it is easy to identify them. I can testify that mushrooms can be so identified, and to such practical purpose that a good book will pay for itself in one summer vacation. Indeed, on a working-day in the city last summer I brought home the basis of an admirable luncheon that I had found growing at the foot of a tree on crowded Eighth Avenue. The Boy Scouts' manual has a good section on mushrooms in which some government and other publications on the subject are named. Mr. McDougall's "Mushrooms" has also notes on collecting and preparing for the table, and advice on growing for market.

F. J., Haverford, Pa., asks for information concerning French country houses, "petits manoirs," and is particularly concerned with floor plans and details.

"SMALL BUILDINGS IN FRANCE," by K. W. Coffin (Scribner), is a book that would beautify our landscape if prospective builders kept it in mind. It is largely made up of photographs of a size to show the details of construction of a great many buildings, farmsteads and other characteristic types, and is intended for architects, builders, or prospective houseowners. The intense practicality of the typical small houses of France, their suitability to their own particular place and purpose, does not keep them from being lovely to look upon or prevent them from usefulness here. "Small Buildings in France" is a picture-book with a decided practical value.

C. C., Wheeling, W. Va., asks if there is a uniform edition of Stendhal's works in English.

AT the present time, no, but Boni & Liveright announce that they are about to bring out a complete and unabridged translation of the works of Stendhal, beginning at once with "The Charterhouse of Parma," in two volumes, translated by C. K. Scott-Moncrieff. This is the translator who so successfully managed the difficulties of putting Marcel Proust into English—those who are following the course of Proust's "Remembrance of Things Past" as it appears here should know that two more volumes of "The Guermantes Way" have just come, beautifully printed, from Thomas Seltzer. This English version pauses—quite possibly it may be a full stop—just before the fragment added to "Le Côté de Guermantes" in its original appearance.

At this writing, we have of Stendhal in print in English a new edition of his most famous novel, "The Chartreuse of Parma," in the translation of Lady Mary Loyd, just published by Appleton; "The Life of Henri Brulard," published not long since by Knopf; "The Red and the Black," also a recent publication of Dutton; and "On Love" (Brentano). Probably the criticism of appreciation of Beyle with which the American public is most familiar is that of J. G. Huneker in "Egoists: a Book of Supermen" (Scribner).

H. C., Jackson Heights, N. Y., asks for references to the events of Queen Victoria's Jubilee appearing in books.

BOTH the Jubilee of 1887 and the Diamond Jubilee of ten years later figure in a volume of memories otherwise richly rewarding to the reader, "Fifty Years of Victorian Life," by the Dowager Countess of Jersey (Dutton). Here is a book by one in high places who has seen and set down so much of what she saw that it makes one feel as if Mrs. Asquith had kept her head in a bag while history was going on. In this account of the second jubilee the present Prince of Wales, then Prince David, begins his career as charmer: making his first baby appearance before great crowds he meets the roars of applause by continuouly and energetically saluting, until at last, feeling that so much calls for more, he salutes with both hands. In an amusing and affectionate biography of the Prince, Gertrude Parkhurst's "A King in the Making" (Putnam), there is a snapshot of young David at this age saluting straight into the camera while the still younger Princess observes him with some amazement. There were special jubilee numbers of the *Graphic* and the *Illustrated London News* in 1887 and 1897, while for reports by Americans there are references scattered through a number of memoirs, and in Richard Harding Davis's "Year From a Reporter's Note Book" there is a professional record. Davis is one of the American chroniclers of the London scene whose accounts stand the strain of time; reading "Our English Cousins," for instance, one might think, so has he chosen aspects of life that have the quality of permanence, that most of it had just been written.

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Points of View

"Suspense"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

I *can't refrain from writing you about* "Suspense." It is fascinating stuff by itself, but especially so to me just now because I have been re-reading "Le Chartreuse de Parme."

Of course, the period is much the same, with the clipped shadow of Napoleon hovering over both scenes; and there are other slight similarities, even to the inclusion of a Clelia in both stories. On reading the last instalment in the *Saturday Review*, I had a sudden feeling that Conrad had poured Stendhal into the vast cauldron of his mind, and the result of the distillation was "Suspense."

It may be only imagination on my part, yet barring the great differences in temperament between the two men, the two stories seem suggested by the same plot, so far as character is concerned, but treated from different angles.

Please excuse this sudden excursion into criticism; in my own field I seldom find any need for it.

RALPH BLOCK.

The Author Speaks

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Professor W. L. Cross is the author of a very good biography of Fielding in three volumes. Deeply indebted as I am to his monumental work, I cannot help resenting the wrong impression his criticism of my book on Fielding's novels may have created among your readers, and I hope you will kindly allow me to correct it.

I may pass over his comparing my study with Murphy's, which is a mere critical *finesse;* but it was not quite so innocent to mention my book only after MM. Legouis and Cazamian's admirable "Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise," or to use such sentences as "Like M. Cazamian, he points out the influence of Molière, etc." Any honest reader of this passage is sure to believe that I only came second; but Professor Cross knows very well that M. Cazamian's chapter was written after mine, as the author graciously acknowledges by including my book in his bibliographical notes.

As regards the two "positive errors" your critic mentions, it is impossible for me to deal with them before a few weeks, as I am now staying in the country, and have not even got a copy of my book with me. But after the kind reception it has generally had in France, England, and America, I might expect at least a fair discussion of its main points. Professor Cross finds my hypotheses "shaky," but he does not even try to shake them. He takes a short cut to victory: he merely mentions the hypotheses, shorn of the evidence that made them probable to me and acceptable to others. For instance, I have proposed a new solution to the problem of the composition of "Jonathan Wild." There *is* such a problem, as many critics have seen, and one does not get over it by simply denying its existence, as Professor Cross does. My solution may be wrong, yet some excellent scholars have thought it worth discussing; your critic takes an easier path, and calls it "mere fancy"; and he condemns a pretended "parallel" which I never meant to draw—not at least in the twisted form he gives it.

Professor Cross "silences" my views in the same ingenious manner when he comes to the relations existing between Fielding and Richardson. He seems to consider Fielding's admiration for "Clarissa Harlowe" as a crushing objection to my theory. But: first, this admiration was expressed so late, that one cannot take it into account when discussing the *composition* of "Tom Jones"; and then it contradicts so little my theory, that I mentioned it in my book, as a proof of Richardson's growing influence on Fielding (after "Tom Jones"). "It so happened," Professor Cross writes, "that Fielding was writing 'Tom Jones' while Richardson was writing 'Clarisa Harlowe,'" and he chooses to believe that each was ignorant of the other's plans—and he almost accuses me of grossly calumniating Fielding: "If Fielding did make any personal use of information privately given him by his sister concerning Richardson's novel, he was guilty of an act so dishonorable as to stigmatize his character forever." Clearly, this argument is aimed at "that class of readers, who are unable to separate an author from his productions." But whoever has read Richardson's correspondence in the Foster collection will know that the composition of his novels was far from "private." Incidents were freely discussed by friends, many of whom were common acquaintances of our two writers; and there was Sarah Fielding. . . . Truly if there was any secret, it was the "secret de Polichinelle." Richardson himself declares in a letter—I have quoted the passage—that "Mr. Fielding" was one of a number of people who wanted to have the *dénouement* of "Clarissa Harlowe" altered—probably at a time when it was not too late to alter it? All this Professor Cross chooses to dismiss with a wave of the hand, as "mere fancy." Yet his final argument is "the *impression* one gets while reading 'Tom Jones.'" . . . Surely I may be forgiven for claiming a closer discussion of the proofs I have brought to support my "shaky hypotheses."

A. DIGEON.

Montivilliers, France.

Mr. Myers Protests

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

All too evidently Mr. Lewis Mumford is greatly exercised because I do not write history according to a standardized mode approved by him. If I misjudge his motive he has only himself to blame. Every line of his comments upon my "History of American Idealism" reeks with the most palpable aim to discredit a book the facts of which run against his grain.

It would have been a decided novelty had he adopted some other method than that of sneers. Such a method is familiarly stale to me. I was treated to it fifteen years ago when his predecessors sought in the same supercilious way to dismiss my "History of the Great American Fortunes." That work was just as much of an innovation to them as my present subject is to Mr. Mumford, and they were greatly perturbed as to how to dispose of it. Not being able to refute the facts they resorted to the process of scolding and otherwise arraigning me for having brought out the facts upsetting the accepted formula that great wealth came from "honesty, thrift, and ability."

The conformity that Mr. Mumford seems to demand is acquiescence with the fashion of deriding America, and of seeing nothing good in its accomplishments. Although he does not seem to know it, this is a very old, much overdone fashion, and he is but the merest echo of what scores of critics of America, both foreign and their domestic imitators, have iterated and reiterated for much more than a century.

However, Mr. Mumford might have the art to conceal the fact that he looks abroad for his cues as to what to think and what to say. Some other critics have been more ingenious.

So much for method. As to treatment Mr. Mumford reveals that in the very act of purporting to review my book he did not read it or at least did not read it carefully. Otherwise he would not have made the blunders that he did in cataloging his list of all of the sins and crimes that he thought could be imputed to America. For instance, what he terms the Texas land grab. Now it happens that I was the first historian to bring out (in my "History of the Supreme Court of the United States," published thirteen years ago) the underlying facts as to the acquisition of Texas. Furthermore, in my "History of American Idealism" I specifically repeat these facts, and show that our Mexican War was one of conquest. Yet he cooly passes over my presentation, and makes it appear that I had narrated favorable facts only.

But perhaps when one is straining to discredit a book the ordinary precepts of honesty do not apply. Mr. Mumford has merely followed customary tactics in substituting opinions for facts.

Mr. Mumford is a reputed adept at word jugglery. The net result of his writings and those of his school is to confuse others as well as themselves. My faculty and purpose are devoted to dealing with facts, plain, simple facts of record, allowing people to form their own conclusions.

GUSTAVUS MYERS.

New York.

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

IN the first volume of the new edition of Ben Jonson's "Works," its editors, Hereford and Simpson, give considerable information in regard to the dramatist's library. From this article we condense the following:

Lord Pembroke gave Jonson £20 every New Year Day with which to purchase books. There is ample proof that the money was carefully spent. Jonson's library was called an arsenal of learning. It impressed his contemporaries, some of whom have given pleasant glimpses of it. Seldon is a witness of weight, and he has twice recorded his appreciation.

The editors print a list of Jonson's books which they have succeeded in tracing. Each work is authenticated, usually from a library or from a sales catalogue. Jonson's collection had its vicissitudes. The most memorable was a fire commemorated with spirit and humor in "An Execration of Vulcan." This probably happened in the month of October, 1623. Ten years later Jonson narrowly escaped having another fire. Another danger is revealed in a confession to Drummond: "Sundry tymes he hath devoured his bookes .j. [i. e.] sold ym all for Necessity."

It was Jonson's habit to inscribe his books with his motto and his name. The motto was "Tanquam Explorator," which referred to his habit of reading. This he wrote at the top of the title page. Below, at a clear space in the margin—usually just above the imprint—he wrote "Su Ben Jonsonij," or, if the book was large and the margin correspondingly ampler, "Su Ben Jonsonij liber." The books are classified under the seven headings of Manuscripts, 5; the Scriptures, 2; English Works, 18; Greek and Roman Writers, 32; Renaissance and Later Writers, 29; Antiquities and Scholarship, 24; Language and Grammar, 8; in all 118.

The number preserved in libraries not privately owned is as follows: Cambridge University Library, 16; the British Museum, 15; the Bodleian, 6; St. John's College and Trinity College, Cambridge, 3 each; the Dyce Library, South Kensington, St. John's College, Oxford, Emmanuel College, Cambridge, 2 each; and the following have one each: Library of the English School, Oxford; Balliol and Trinity Colleges, Oxford; Clare, Corpus Christi, Magdalene Colleges, and the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge; Trinity College, Dublin; Manchester University Library, Chetham Library, Manchester, Lincoln Cathedral Library, Shakespeare's Birthplace, Stratford-on-Avon; Mitchell Library, Glasgow; Old Town Library, Leicester; Eton College, Kepier School, Houghton-le-Spring, and the Royal College of Physicians. Cambridge has 28 to Oxford's 11.

This list of the location of Jonson's books admirably illustrates how effectively the modern system of university and public libraries have absorbed important collections. It is here apparent that the greater portion of Jonson's books are permanently withdrawn from the possibility of private ownership. And what is true of Jonson's library is also true of hundreds of others that have been dispersed in the last century. This and the increased demand for them is the reason why they are growing more rare and increasing very rapidly in value.

"THE FRIENDS OF THE BODLEIAN"

THE report comes from London of a new organization known as "The Friends of the Bodleian," whose purpose is to furnish funds, or raise funds, to enable the Bodleian Library to purchase rare books when they come up at auction in England. For five or six years, a large percentage of the greatest rarities, especially of unique items of early English literature, have been going to America. The Bodleian Library now contains more than 2,000,000 volumes, and is especially rich in the rarities of English literature of all periods. But of course there are gaps still to fill, and books needed to fill them do not come into the market often. This new organization is intended to furnish the means of meeting an emergency, and to see that the Bodleian has a fair chance. And it is also hoped that by this method rarities, especially unique items, may be kept in England that would otherwise be permanently lost by crossing the Atlantic to American collectors. This seems a practical and sensible method under the circumstances. But when the American collector of the Morgan or Huntington type, represented by Rosenbach, meets a determined English syndicate in a London auction room it is easy to see that prices will seek new altitudes, especially if there is any considerable adoption of this policy by the friends of other libraries.

GREENE'S "GWYDONIUS," 1584.

AN inquiry respecting the unique copy of Robert Greene's "Gwydonius, the Carde of Fancie," 1584, brings the following answer from William Roberts in the literary supplement of the London *Times*:

"This copy was bought at Sir Francis Freeling's sale in 1836 by Thomas Thorpe, the leading London bookseller of the day, and from him passed—possibly without an interval in another library—into the possession of William Miller, the founder of the Britwell Library, in which it remained until December, 1919; in the sale of a portion of that library at Sotheby's in that month it was lot thirty-four and brought £770, being purchased by the late George D. Smith, the New York bookseller. Smith sold it to Mr. Henry E. Huntington, and it is now in the great library at San Gabriel, California. . . . Mr. Huntington has also the Huth copy of the 1608 edition. As to the 1587 edition Lowndes only refers to the Heber imperfect copy, and this was seen by W. C. Hazlitt, who states that it wanted the title page, but he does not state where he saw it. I can find no record of its passing under the hammer since Heber's sale, nor of the present whereabouts of any other copy of that issue. The Freeling-Britwell-Huntington copy of the first edition, 1584, is unique as far as is now known."

NOTE AND COMMENT

A MEMORIAL window has been dedicated to Bill Nye, the humorist, in the Calvary Episcopal Church at Fletcher, N. C., where he is buried and where his father died.

The "Diary of T. A. Cobden-Sanderson," famous as a bookbinder and as the founder of the Doves Press, will be published this Fall, and will make an interesting contribution to the history of English art and typography.

Dr. William E. Barton formally opened a new Lincoln room at the "Wigwam" on his estate at Foxboro, Mass., a few days ago. The principal speech was delivered by Albert E. Hillsbury, a former attorney-general of Massachusetts, who referred to the collection as one of the "most valuable ever made." Those present showed great interest in the collection of books, portraits, autograph letters and mementoes, all bearing upon the life of the great president.

Another book which the Dickensian should own and give a leisurely reading is "Charles Dickens and Other Victorians," by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. The other Victorians are Thackeray, Disraeli, Mrs. Gaskell, and Anthony Trollope. The author has pronounced and interesting views in regard to these Victorian novelists. Few men can be an extreme admirer of Dickens and yet give due allegiance to his great contemporary and rival, Thackeray. Quiller-Couch is not an exception. He disclaims comparison, but it is perfectly clear that his preference is for the author of "Pickwick Papers."

The Comte du Fels has written a candid book called "La Révolution en marche" (Fayard), in which he deals with the present uneasy state of affairs. He has not been afraid to point out the dangers in the contemporary social upheaval, and to suggest means to avoid them.

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AMERICAN TURF REGISTER and Sporting Magazine, volume 15, 1844, also the following numbers or the engravings,—Vol. IV, October 1832, Indians gathering wild-rice. April 1833, "Timolion."—Volume VII, June 1836, "Tramp"—Volume VIII. November 1836 "Felt"—Volume XIV. April 1843, "Grey Eagle," January 1843, "Fashion."

Memorials of the Discovery and Early Settlement of the Bermudas, by Sir J. H. Lefroy, 2 vols. London 1877-79.

Down the West Branch by Capt. C. A. J. Farrar.

Heroes and Heroines of the Grand National.

The Acadians in Song and Story, Ficklin.

In Acadia, Ficklin, New Orleans, 1893.

"The Rock Floor of Intermont Plains of the Arid Regions" by Charles Rollins Keyes, pub. in Bulletin of Geological Society of America, vol. 19, 1908.

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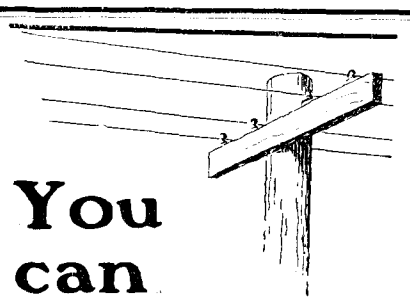

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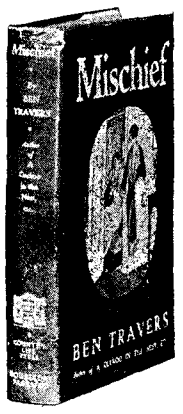

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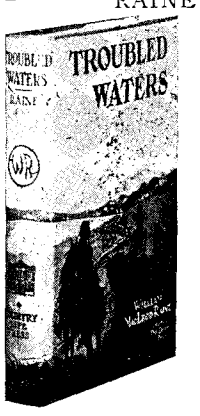

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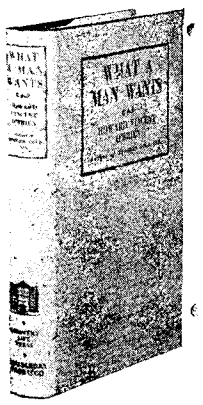

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The Phoenix Nest

IT is our lot this week to note, for our kindred column, "Cursive and Discursive," several interesting communications received relative to the recent discussion in that department of the work of *James Oliver Curwood*. * * * We have already given space here to someone's early reactions to the purple trilium, and now *Samuel Scoville, Jr.*, of Philadelphia, rises to remark that he cannot allow Mr. Curwood much on his Canadian birds. He says:

There is no "brown nightingale" in Canada. The cardinal doesn't go any further north than Central Park in New York City. There is no skylark. No one knows what he means by a "brush-sparrow." The "golden canary" is probably a goldfinch. He is about as bad a birdist as *Blanche Colton Williams* is a critic with her view that *Harold Bell Wright* is an inspired novelist. Now I know why there are so many weird stories in the "*O'Brien* Prize Story Memmorial.

* * * Again, *Mrs. G. W. Murdoch* of Detroit, Michigan, allows that "the fragrance of anemones is so delicate it could not possibly 'fill the air he breathed.'" According to several botanical authorities that Mrs. Murdoch quotes, the purple trillium is "Purple Trilium, ill-scented wake-robin." One authority says, "the carrion-scent, so repellent to us, is in itself an attraction to certain insects." And Mrs. Murdoch also reminds us that at the time the anemones and triliums are in bloom the mandrake is not "heavy with—yellow fruit." * * * Yet last winter a friend of our correspondent's said to her, "Don't you love Curwood's books?" Surprise being Mrs. Murdoch's portion, her friend went on to explain, "O, his nature studies are so wonderful—his descriptions of the North Woods, the flowers, and birds!" * * * Mrs. Murdoch concludes that, with memories of *Burroughs, Dallas Lore Sharpe* and *Beebe* in her mind, to mention just a few writers who are accurate about Nature, she mildly protests Mr. Curwood. * * * This day seems likely to be given over to our correspondents, for *Charles Salmon*, from Michigan, pencils the following:

A lot of us who are obscure would like to creep into *The Phoenix Nest* once in a while *Booth Tarkington* is on the Massachusetts coast where he has a cottage. *George Ade* had 300 children at his Hazleden seat, Brooks, Indiana, for a picnic. *Lee J. Smits*, who wrote "Spring Flight," is at "Cabane du Lit," his shack at East Neebish, St. Mary's river. *Dr. Edward Herbert Lewis*, of "Those About Trench" etc. is at the Lewis Lair, Everen's Point, St. Joseph Island, Canada. *Chase Osborn* of "The Iron Hunter," etc. is at Duck Island, St. Mary's river, working on a neo-scientific book portraying a new earth movement that accounts for coastal quakes and other catastrophes. *Albert Beveridge* is at Beverly Hills, Mass., busy on his "Lincoln." *Harold Titus* is at Deerfoot Lode, Michigan.

* * * And then someone wafts to us "Dicta to a Discursive Poet," which rightly should belong to *W. R. B.*, on his page inside, but we snitch it anyway. It evidently refers to his recent animadversions on Mr. *Wright*, even though it is rather cryptic:

The coral sand's turned limestone hard,
The blurbs have red, the rock emerged,
Olympus' peak amid the cloud.
And where the tide so fiercely surged,
Empaled upon a ruthless sword
Are monsters of the mystic deep,
Out of their element and gasping
Flayed and flung in a noisome heap.
The Wrights and wrongs, the whales and squids
The poet with a subtle charm makes dust.
Valiant warrior! In this Dark Age
We bet that Harold wishes you were hush.

** * * So, Discursive One,*
See what you went and done!

* * * Not that it belongs here, but a friend of ours recently showed us a contemporary advertisement that we simply cannot refrain from reprinting.

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* * * By the way, we like the Phoenix emblem used by the University of Chicago Press, whose pamphlet, "The Press Imprint," is before us. The University of Chicago Press was organized in 1892 at the founding of the University of Chicago and claims to be the oldest and largest publishing unit of an American university. This season it advertises "Some Contemporary Americans: The Personal Equation in Literature" by *Percy H. Boynton*, "Meek Americans and Other European Trifles" 'by Joseph W. Beach, and "The Social Theory of Georg *Simmel*" by *Nicholas J. Spykman*, among other books. * * * *Mrs. Lewis Smith* of Waltham, Massachusetts, in a recent letter to the editor of this *Review*, made certain remarks about Japan that we feel particularly privileged to quote. She and her husband have been living for three years in that country and have only recently returned. She says:

It seems unaccountable that more people who can speak authoritatively do not correct the delusions which originated from the earlier writers on Jpaan, and which sentiment and the Japanese themselves foster. *Lafcadio Hearn*, in his first books paints a distortedly poetic picture; but in his "Japan, An Attempt at an Interpretation" he is more sane. He ranked Japan at about the same point of development, morally, socially, religiously, economically,— in the arts, sciences, medicine, etc., where Greece or Rome stood in their day. And that seems the fairest possible picture. We can admire the Japanese for their arts, but remembering that this is the Twentieth Century, we need not be nervous about them as a Menace!

. . . *I wish very much that I were a person* of sufficient journalistic experience to write a book about Japan as she really is. Such a book needs to be written. For we are not ranking Japan correctly, and yet the military people, and the diplomatic people and the missionaries all give a picture from a restricted angle of vision, and the net result is either a menace,—or a polite suppression,—or a poem,—according to the view of the writer! * * * That little magazine of literary news which we have had occasion to mention before, *The Reader*, edited by *Louise Hogan*, is branching out into the publishing business. Our congratulations and very best wishes to it! Its first venture is to be a book of verse for children by *Faith Van Valkenburgh Vilas*, entitled "Wonder Thoughts of Childhood," with full page illustrations by *Reginald Birch*, and original drawings by *Margaret Armstrong Heise*. The book will be ready by October fifteenth. * * * Well, it looks like we might as well end with that this week.

THE PHOENICIAN.

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